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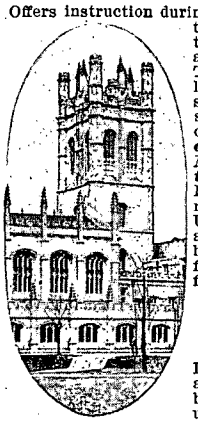

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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, APRIL 18, 1912.

The Week

Rarely has an ocean tragedy so appalled the imagination as has the disaster to the Titanic. But let us put away the horror of the event and think of the vital lesson it enforces. Those 1,300 lives were flung away because the White Star Line, like the other steamship companies, has persistently refused, with the connivance of the steamboat authorities in this country, to carry sufficient life-boats and rafts to accommodate those whose passage money they took, to say nothing of the crews they employed. The sea was smooth enough off Cape Race to get every boat away from the Titanic and to transfer the women and children, after perhaps eight hours spent in the boats, to the Carpathia. This, the largest of modern leviathans of the sea, is said to have carried but *twenty boats!* Yet the need of a number of boats sufficient to carry passengers and crew has been much before the public.

We are familiar with the opposing arguments on behalf of the steamships. If a ship were to go down, she would probably sink like the Elbe, before more than one or two boats could be properly launched; in a very high sea no small boat could live; not sufficient boats could be carried on the davits in any event; moreover, the strength of the modern ship, the use of the wireless, all made for the safety of the new vessels, etc., etc., etc. Not one of these arguments goes to the point. If an accident occurs in a bad storm at sea no boats, it is true, avail; if a ship sinks quickly, boats "nested" on an upper deck, like the dories of a Gloucester fisherman, will probably go down unused. But in three great accidents that quickly come to mind—the sinking of the Oregon, the Republic, and the Titanic—there was time to save all. There were no lives lost on the Oregon and Republic, because rescuing ships arrived in time; had they not come, hundreds must have perished then as they did on the Titanic. Yet none of these disasters carried a single lesson to the builders and owners of these steamships. And our country has connived at their neglect. Nor is there any question of the ability of a ship to carry boats enough, even when she takes four thousand people to sea. If it is a matter of weights, then let the companies take out the elevators, the swimming tanks, the gymnasiums, some of the other hundred and one luxuries. The terrible and unnecessary sacrifice of human beings on the Titanic should put an end to a negligence which hereafter could only be called criminal. And this sentiment should be enforced by adequate legal prescription.

A new political maxim was invented by the Colonel on his flight through Pennsylvania last week. Facing the uproarious crowds, he cried out that he wanted them to vote as they shouted. We have had various historic injunctions to the electorate in this country, such as, "Vote as you pray"; but we have never before had the command hurled at us: "Vote as you shout." Even our great demagogues have usually had the grace to say that they wanted the people to think quietly about what they had been told, to talk it over with their neighbors and wives and children, and then register at the polls the free and mature opinion of thoughtful citizens. But the Colonel would change all that. Get up factitious issues and work up an artificial excitement, set the throngs to howling, and then try to bring it about that they vote before they have time to cool off. This is the modern substitute for the deliberate expression of the will of freemen. Fortunately, the American people have not been given to that sort of thing, and there is no reason to fear that they now will be.

Gov. Harmon has committed another unpardonable offence. He has gone straight into the State of Nebraska and denied point blank the charge that he is a tool of Wall Street; that he took part in a sale of Government bonds when in office, and that he neglected his duty as Attorney-General. But that will not avail him with William J. Bryan. Once that great statesman makes up his mind as to men, it is not to be changed, however often he may find a paramount issue upon which our liberties depend—and then drop it. Certainly, Mr. Harmon is not to be criticised for his record as Attorney-General under Mr. Cleveland. He did all the work in procuring from the Supreme Court the first decisions upholding the Sherman Anti-Trust law; that some of them were rendered in the McKinley Administration, which promptly appropriated the renown thereof, was no fault of Mr. Harmon's. Nor will the fact that he has been a good enough Democrat to carry Ohio twice weigh with Autocrat Bryan. His thumbs are down.

It is possible to expend too much sympathy on the defeat that has come to Senator Shelby M. Cullom after sixty years of public service. Mr. Cullom will be in his eighty-fourth year when he vacates his seat in the Senate, and that is an age when the vicissitudes of this life ought to be borne with fair equanimity. That the Senator from Illinois had already come to look upon his own political career as closed may be inferred from the fact that he has recently published a volume of Memoirs, which is nearly always a fatal sign in the career of a statesman. Neither is it necessary to be carried away by the pathetic plea that Mr. Cullom leaves political life poorer in material goods than when he went in. We have always held that the spectacle of a public servant retiring to honorable poverty exercises an excellent tonic effect on the spirit of democratic government. If the people, as happened in Illinois, occasionally show failure to appreciate self-sacrifice in their elected representatives and an inclination to overlook in moments of passion the claims of a long career, that, too, is one of the inevitable incidents of democracy.

Indiana has her eye on 1916, not because of any secret political ambition, but because that is the year of her centennial as a State, and she must do something worthy of herself to commemorate the event. The State University has begun by planning a three-volume history of the commonwealth. Then there is to be a biographical dictionary of the State, a "Who's Who" containing the most important information concerning every man and woman in Indiana with a State

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reputation. First estimates are that this book will have two thousand names. But there is a feeling among Hoosiers that more than this is necessary to do justice to the occasion, and consequently a member of the faculty of the State University proposes an adequate State library building. With tears in his voice, if not in his eyes, he points out that the State Historical Library building of Wisconsin houses more material relating to Indiana than the State itself possesses. Probably the inhabitants of Indiana have been so busy writing books that they have not had time to look after the forming of a great library.

Senator Swanson may exaggerate when, in urging a liberal appropriation for the printing of Government documents, he says that such publications are the only means which 92,000,000 people have of becoming acquainted "with the vast transactions here in Washington, covering vast expenditures and vast endeavors in governmental effort"; but there is no denying the range of interests to which they appeal. The other day Senator Smoot enumerated the following as examples: "Diseases of the Horse," "Hinds's Precedents," "Tariff Hearings," "Jefferson's Bible," "Memorial Addresses on Lincoln, Garfield, and McKinley," "Moore's Digest of International Law," "Charters and Constitutions," and the "Conference of Governors." This is an impressive list, and not exactly the sort of which one first thinks when he hears or sees the phrase "Government document." The problem of distributing these publications is twofold. The demand for the more readable of them often far outruns the supply, although people in general cannot be said to know that they exist. Meanwhile, tons of printed matter come from the Government presses for which there is so little request that they are piled up to the number of millions of pages in Washington. It is to be hoped that the recent debates in the Senate will result in the finding of a way to print less of what the public does not want and more of what it would appreciate, and in addition the devising of a plan for keeping it better informed of the appearance of desirable matter.

One trait of contemporary public oratory and political eloquence is the rediscovery of the Bible as a treasure-house of argument and invective. The Golden Rule as formulated in Kansas and popularized elsewhere by Mr. Roosevelt is of almost daily occurrence in the public press. The Sherman law has been described by one Federal District Attorney as being in essence a reënactment of the Ten Commandments. We have recently come across several Judas Iscariots, and only the other day somebody said that the Colonel is worse than Pontius Pilate. It will not be long, presumably, before we shall have with us more than one Moses to lead the Democratic party out of captivity, reactionary Joshuas who would bid the Presidential primary sun stand still, Wall Street Delilahs striving to rob progressive Samsons of their locks—Samsons, however, who will not pull the temple down on their own heads but content themselves with slugging the Philistines through the ropes.

Last Friday's decision of the Court of Appeals at Albany maintaining the liability of promoters for fraudulent or misleading representations made to investors, should help to straighten out a matter which has long been in vexing uncertainty in this country. The English law has been notoriously stringent in holding promoters liable, and the British courts have enforced it with wholesome severity. That fact has not, of course, prevented gullible people from making foolish investments, nor has it done away with reckless speculation. But it is at least a protection to innocent investors, necessarily ignorant of details, to know that they are not without legal redress when deceived into parting with their money by the lies of unscrupulous promoters or their agents. One of the strong points in the Court of Appeals decision is the holding that, where there are a number of promoters, all of them "are liable for damages for the fraud of an agent employed by them to effect the sale of corporation securities, without reference to their moral guilt or innocence."

A Western juryman has been excused from further jury service because he fell asleep twice during the argument of cases. "These lawyers' arguments," he explained, "seem to give me the sleeping sickness." It may well be asked whether he did not in these words present the best possible reason for his retention as a juryman. If lawyers knew that their arguments were in danger of going unheard unless they had enough life in them to be worth attention, would not this single fact make mightily for reform? If judges formed the habit of nodding, not to show assent but indifference, would not calendars begin to be cleared? Nor is this a revolutionary suggestion. One of the prerogatives of justices of the Supreme Court at Washington, and by no means the least of the things for which they are to be admired, is their unhesitating slumber when arguments grow dull. Recently, finding that this hint, although often given, was not enough for all who came before them, they set a limit upon the time during which they would even pretend to listen to argument. This is all in the right direction.

Although the rural population, which includes the entire population outside of incorporated places with 2,500 or more inhabitants, increased only 11.2 per cent. between 1900 and 1910, the total value of farm property more than doubled. This was in the face of an increase of but 4.8 per cent. in the total farm acreage, and of a reported increase of 15.4 per cent. in the acreage of improved land, part of which, the Census Bureau points out, may be due to difference of interpretation of what constitutes improved land. Nor is this doubling of the total value due to improvements alone. The value of these has, indeed, gone up above 70 per cent., partly owing to the higher prices of commodities in general. But the actual land has shown an increase in value of 118 per cent., and as the average price per acre was $32.40 in 1910, as compared with $15.57 in 1900, the advance is accordingly attributable only in part to the increase in acreage of improved land. Nor is it to be explained by such improvements as fences and drains. It is due chiefly to the higher prices of farm products and other causes that make the land as land more valuable. In spite of a 5.5 per cent. decrease in the average size of farms, therefore, the average value of all farm property per farm has increased nearly 90 per cent., from $3,563 to $6,444. There are at present more than 6,000,000 farms, with a total of nearly 900,000,000 acres, which is 46 per cent. of the total land area of the country. Half of this farm acreage is improved.

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The total value of farm property reaches the enormous sum of $40,000,000,000, of which above two-thirds represents the value of the land.

Surely, in all fields relating to the philanthropic side of life, the nineteenth century produced no finer figures than Florence Nightingale and Clara Barton. Both were, in their prime, great executives. They knew how to set to work to remedy evils before which statesmen seemed helpless when not indifferent. Their visions benefited not one nation, but several, if not the world. They thought in terms of all humanity—to win the simple title of angel of mercy. Their contributions to mankind remain of a permanent character, even though they left their mark on no great canvases and chiselled their names on no stirring monuments. Both rose from the ranks, coming from middle-class surroundings to prove that if any soldier may have a field-marshal's bâton in his knapsack, any woman may have within her the spirit to make the whole world kin again by her touch of compassion. How many monuments have been erected to men the world over whose sole claim was that they laid waste and killed where Clara Barton and Florence Nightingale and their followers built up and brought surcease of pain to uncounted thousands!

The strong protest lodged by our Ambassador in Mexico City, both with the Maderist Government and with the commander of the insurrectionary forces in Chihuahua, is not the ultimatum that some would make it out to be. Our Ambassador declares that the killing of American citizens taken as prisoners of war will be regarded by this Government as murder simply. It is yet to be shown that such acts have been perpetrated by the Maderist forces. Nor is it conceivable that Madero or his officers would resort to such suicidal tactics. The acts complained of have so far come from the side of Gen. Orozco, whose obvious intention is to bring about complications with this country now that the chances of a rebel victory in Mexico seem to be steadily waning. How, in fairness, the Mexican Government can be held sufficiently responsible for atrocities perpetrated by men engaged in armed insurrection against the Government, to be threatened with an ultimatum, does not quite appear, unless the authorities at Washington are convinced that Madero has demonstrated his inability to cope with the situation. That, however, is far from being the case. If, when the troubles are over, the Mexican Government is called upon to indemnify the victims of the insurrection, that is another matter.

In Eugène Henri Brisson, once president of the Cabinet and for many years president of the Chamber of Deputies, the French nation loses one of its stern old Roman citizens whose number and influence have steadily been dwindling in contemporary politics. M. Brisson was one of the young men who won their spurs in the Liberal uprising against the third Napoleon in the last two years of the Empire. He was anti-clerical almost from the beginning of his career, and naturally came by his position as Gambetta's lieutenant against *l'ennemi*. His anti-clerical views inevitably took firmer root and wider extension during the Dreyfus crisis, and they were a part of his creed to the last, in spite of the fact that the spirit of religious animosity has somewhat abated of late in French public life. This does not mean that anti-clericalism is dead. It is the issue upon which the present Radical Republican majority came into power a dozen years ago, and it is still a perfectly good issue for future electoral campaigns. Nevertheless, the campaign against the Church has of late become of interest secondary to the great social issues that have been thrust upon the French people by the rise of a militant Labor and Socialist party. Clericalism has also been thrust into the background by the course of foreign politics since 1905. The succession of crises in Franco-German relations has served to solidify patriotic sentiment, and thus to a very considerable extent cut across religious party lines.

For the second time within the course of a month, the official German press is called upon to make denial of embarrassing statements supposed to have been made by the Kaiser in private conversation. After the Goethals incident comes an Italian incident. To a member of the Italian Chamber, William II is said to have expressed the wish that his own German subjects were as patriotic and as efficient as the Italian nation has shown itself in the present crisis. Whatever be the facts in the case, one must sincerely sympathize with the difficult position the Kaiser finds himself in as a man of strong feelings and endowed with a gift for forcible expression. Every statesman and politician says impulsive things in private, but it is one of the primary ethical laws of journalism that a public man shall not be quoted against his will. The difficulty is that in the case of a figure of such transcendent importance as the Kaiser the temptation to let the world in on his latest piquant remark is tremendous; and once cast abroad, it assumes a meaning far beyond its intrinsic merit. Suppose the Kaiser, in a moment of enthusiastic commendation of the way the Italian people has rallied to the support of the throne, did say, "How I wish my own German Socialists were like that!" It would be a very human thing to do, and to put it into the newspapers is both cruel and unjust.

When Stolypin, the Czar's Prime Minister, was assassinated in the presence of his Imperial master at Kiev last September, there were rumors that the Premier was the victim of a conspiracy among police officials. Incredible though it seemed that men high in the employ of the Government should resort to murder in order to subserve their own ends, the charges then brought forward are now virtually confirmed by the official report of the investigators appointed to look into the affair. Four officials of the secret police, including the Assistant Minister of the Interior, are found to have been guilty of embezzlement, and the implication is conveyed that their fear of exposure at the hands of the Prime Minister led to his assassination. Thus the history of Russian police methods remains consistent. The revelations of the police agent Azeff have already shown how the police authorities at St. Petersburg virtually consented to the assassination of Grand Duke Sergius at Moscow in 1905, so long as it did not interfere with their own plans and ambitions. One wonders what Nicholas II's sensations must be among such "guardians." Men who have not hesitated to strike at the second man in the Empire may in the hour of dire need take the chance of striking higher yet.

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THE REPUBLICAN CONFUSION.

Pennsylvania's primary vote on Saturday brings President Taft's renomination into grave doubt. This is not saying that Roosevelt can be nominated. On his own showing, he still needs more than 350 delegates, and where they are to be got even his facile arithmeticians are unable to say. Nor is it denied that a majority in the Chicago Convention can yet be procured for Mr. Taft. It is easy enough to prove this by the figures from the States that have already voted and are yet to vote. But it has become not a question of figures so much as of feeling. Pennsylvania's adverse vote, following that of Illinois, has terribly impaired the President's political prestige. If with all the time and work and money expended in his behalf, if with the organization and the Federal patronage on his side, he could save only a handful of delegates from so immovably Republican a State as Pennsylvania, members of the party all over the country will be asking what it must do in order to have the ghost of a chance next November. The psychology of the campaign has turned against the President. That is a fact which cannot be blinked.

There are, of course, explanations of the result in Pennsylvania, just as there were in Illinois, but they do not help Mr. Taft. In both States there was a tremendous revolt against the party machine and its leaders. Penrose had made himself almost as much hated and despised as Lorimer, yet the blow aimed at the Pennsylvania boss could not fail to hit the President also. In this matter the voters did not make nice discriminations. They did not stop to recall the fact that Roosevelt, when President, had flattered and fed Penrose—and used him—without a scruple. Nor were they deterred by the spectacle of Flinn, the rich contractor-politician of Pittsburgh and would-be boss of Pennsylvania, now in alliance with Roosevelt. They simply rose up to smash the old Republican ring, and if Taft was hit by the flying débris they did not greatly care. The effect was virtually the same as if they had been striking at the President with full purpose.

Now, the law of self-preservation is as strong with political parties as it is with human beings. All that a party hath will it give for its life. And no thoughtful Republican can look at what is now going on in his party without feeling that its very existence is endangered? Present tendencies followed, present passions and animosities made more bitter, mean nothing else but disruption. If Roosevelt were to force his way to a nomination at Chicago, everybody knows what would happen. Republicans by the hundred thousand would fall away from him. He is inviting Republicans to a form of party suicide, and their certain knowledge of that fact is one good reason why they will not be disposed to accept the invitation. But on the other hand, their fear will be heightened that President Taft is not the man either to make head against Roosevelt or to unite his party and lead it to success, in case he is nominated. And here comes in that ancient plague of the Republican party—the Southern delegates. They are nearly all arrayed for the President, but could the party managers view without qualms a nomination procured by dependence chiefly upon these ciphers from States where the Republican vote is scarcely more than a cipher? Harrison won his renomination in 1892 by means of the Southern delegates, and the party will not have forgotten what happened to him.

In the face of such a party situation as we have outlined—with ferocious enmities engendered, with revolutionary proposals filling the air, with bitter quarrels and an open split at Chicago distinctly foreshadowed—it is not strange that sober and influential Republicans are saying to each other that a compromise candidate is not only desirable but necessary. The one name in every mouth is, of course, that of Judge Hughes. If any man could appeal to both factions by which the Republican party is now rent, he could. In fact, no other is seriously mentioned for the work. It is of Hughes that all the talk is. It was so at the New York Convention. It crops up everywhere. Since the Pennsylvania primary it has redoubled in Washington. We are bound to hear more of it. The party plight as it stands to-day calls loudly for a compromise, and the record and qualifications of Charles E. Hughes are such as to make all eyes turn to him if there is to be a Republican candidate able to unite his party. His own position is well understood. He will allow no politician to use his name. He will make no public utterance, except to say that he is on the bench and out of politics. It is known, too, that he at least has so great a regard for obligations of loyalty that he will consent to no move in his behalf so long as President Taft is in the field. Yet if a strong conciliatory and unifying movement were to set in, and the weightiest men were to call upon Hughes and offer him a unanimous nomination, he might resign from the Supreme Court and take the lead. It is too soon to affirm that anything of this sort will surely be attempted; but it is plainly an event well within the bounds of probability.

There is just one thing which could prevent it by making it unnecessary. This is a virile and aggressive campaign by President Taft from this day on. It is said in Washington that his fighting blood is up. Certainly it was high time. He has been very magnanimous and patient under the venomous assaults of Roosevelt, but there is a limit to the exercise of such virtues in politics. And if Mr. Taft is to save the situation for himself, he must now go out and fight Roosevelt—openly and directly, as the latter is fighting him. If he has any ammunition in reserve, let him use it at once. It has got beyond being a battle about political doctrines, however dangerous they may be, and it is now incumbent upon Mr. Taft to take the offensive against Roosevelt. The President doubtless has it in his power to make a destructive exposure of Roosevelt's record—not his words, but his deeds. If the President will do that fearlessly, he may yet turn the tide of battle in his favor.

GOV. WILSON'S VETOES.

When the Legislature of New Jersey reconvened, after its recess, it received from Gov. Wilson vetoes of some forty of the bills which it had passed and sent to him for his action. That he would refuse to approve certain measures was expected. It was for the avowed purpose of passing them over his veto that the Legislature adjourned to meet again. Under the Constitution of New Jersey the Governor has only a suspensive veto. Despite his refusal to sign a bill, it can be passed over his veto by a majority of the members elected in either house. Accordingly, we are to look to this series of vetoes by Gov. Wil-

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son, less for a list of bills that will be prevented from becoming law, than as an indication of the kind of legislation he would keep off the statute-books if he had full power.

Many of the bills vetoed by him are comparatively unimportant. They relate to local government, and are disapproved by the Governor either because they are carelessly drawn or are an invasion of home rule or invite to a reckless incurring of debt. Several bills to increase salaries or to create new offices are vetoed. Certain proposed amendments of the election law Gov. Wilson would not sign for the reason that they either gave too much power to party managers or put a handicap upon the independent voter. But the one great measure of which the Governor's veto will provoke wide discussion, and which is most significant of his attitude, is that for the compulsory abolition of grade crossings by the railways. There is a dispute as to the technical validity of this veto. The contention is that it was sent to the Senate when it should have gone to the Assembly. Thus, irrespective of the desire or ability of the Legislature to pass the bill over Gov. Wilson's veto, the assertion is made that it has already the force of law. This question will doubtless be taken into the courts; but whatever the result there, and no matter what the Legislature may do, the Governor's disapproval of this bill shows that he is as ready as Gov. Hughes was when he vetoed the two-cent fare bill, to stand up for the rights of the railways when they are threatened with oppressive or confiscatory legislation.

The question of grade-crossings has long been a pressing public issue in New Jersey. Both parties were pledged on the subject. The Republican platform favored "the elimination of grade crossings at railroad expense," the work to proceed "as rapidly as the expense involved will permit." What the Democrats proposed was an act giving the Public Utilities Commission "power to compel the railroads to eliminate grade crossings where, in the judgment of the Commission, such crossings are a menace to life." The bill itself did, in fact, empower the Public Utilities Commission to proceed to arrange with railways and municipalities for the doing away of grade crossings, but it added the arbitrary provision that "every company which operates a railroad in this State shall within three months, and within the same period yearly thereafter, remove or apply for the removal of one grade crossing for every thirty miles or fraction thereof of road operated by it in this State." It is this last provision to which Gov. Wilson objects. Admitting to the full the strong public demand for the removal of railway crossings at grade, he asserts that there is no public demand in New Jersey for legislation which is "unjust and impracticable."

No one could find much difficulty in showing that such is the nature of the bill vetoed. It puts all the railways of the State into the same category, grouping the Pennsylvania with the Rahway Valley. The latter is a struggling line but a few miles long, of which the gross receipts last year were only about $32,000; yet this bill would compel it at once to eliminate grade crossings at a cost much greater than its whole income! On the Jersey Central a careful estimate has been made that compliance with the terms of the bill would mean the elimination of twenty-three crossings the first year at a cost of $3,150,000. It would obviously be necessary for the management to recoup such an outlay by raising the rates for passenger and freight traffic. It is pointed out, moreover, that the vetoed bill is directly in the teeth of the recommendations of the Public Utilities Commission. That body would attack the problem in a gradual and rational manner. It would bring about such amicable agreements as have led to the great improvements in Newark, for example, where the Lackawanna spent several millions in sinking its tracks and the city paid about $1,000,000 as its fair share. But the bill would put an end to such friendly and mutually beneficial arrangements, and force the arbitrary plan upon the railways. This may fairly be called, as Gov. Wilson does call it, "unjust and inequitable." It is highly probable that it would be held to be unconstitutional also, as being a confiscatory measure. The very authors of the bill seem to be afraid of this, since they included the proviso: "If any portion or portions of this act shall be declared unconstitutional, the remainder shall not be affected thereby."

Gov. Wilson's veto will expose him, no doubt, to much misrepresentation and even abuse. He will be accused of seeking to thwart the will of the people, and to curry favor with the railways. But he has at least shown that he does not shrink from doing what he thinks to be his duty, though at the risk of obloquy. And those who have been so lightly charging him with being a wild radical, would do well to note his firm stand for justice even to the owners of large property. His veto may fail of legal effect, but its moral and political effect is unmistakable.

ANOTHER APPEAL FOR FREE SHIPS

The recent action of the New York Chamber of Commerce in demanding the abolition of the antiquated navigation laws which prevent our development of a merchant marine, lends especial interest to a vigorous utterance of Rear-Admiral French E. Chadwick, in reply to a query from the Navy League. That organization had inquired his views as to the restoration of our merchant fleet. He struck out with the vigor to be expected of the captain of Rear-Admiral Sampson's flagship and his chief of staff in 1898:

> I would say that I am not in favor of subsidies of any kind. I think that all that is necessary to restore our shipping is to abolish the Cromwellian laws which now stand in our statutes and thus give our ship owners a chance. Our over-sea carrying trade has been protected to death, literally.

This was not, we believe, the answer the Navy League wanted. The Navy League believes in forced-draught battleships—paid for by forced draughts upon the taxpayers—and in a merchant fleet nursed into being and kept alive by artificial food. But Rear-Admiral Chadwick knows by experience the evil that protection can do. He remembers "our building four large wooden side-wheel steamers for the Pacific Mail (about 1869), when the rest of the world was building iron screw ships, of which the White Star Britannic was a sample. Had we not had protection, these preposterous ships would have been of the Britannic type, and would have lasted and made money." And he adds, vigorously enough: "All the subsidizing, nursing, and coddling in the world can't avail against our present brutally ignorant and unbusinesslike system. I have had these opinions now many years, and to-day am as strong in the opinions I here express as ever."

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Rear-Admiral Chadwick then takes up the cases of Great Britain and Germany, pointing out that the former in 1848 abrogated laws of about the same tenor as ours. The English Government, as he declares, does not subsidize at all in the sense in which our shipbuilders would have us in this country. They do pay, of course, a compensation for mail services, but he naturally objects to counting in to the amount paid by England the cost of the Royal Naval Reserves and the Canadian fishing bounties, as was done under the head of subsidies in our Commissioner of Navigation's Report for 1909. Leaving out England's colonies, the total of subsidies, apart from Admiralty retainers for certain large ships, is only about $3,200,000, "a very moderate compensation for the world-wide mail service rendered." Naturally, Rear-Admiral Chadwick calls it absurd to maintain that England's vast fleet is kept up by subsidies. He quotes the Secretary-General of the Hamburg-American Line, Herr Huldemann, as citing the experience of England and Germany to show that with virtually no subsidies—the smallest per ton of merchant fleet of any in Europe—England and Germany could "immensely increase their fleets" in the decade prior to 1909, England by almost 5,000,000 tons, and Germany by more than 2,000,000 tons. Herr Huldemann sees clearly that the lack of growth in other countries must in part be ascribed to the "false educational influence the system of subsidies is exercising, by the fact that it makes the receiver of the subsidy a Government pensioner and spares him the trouble of earning his bread by his own efforts."

Our first step, Rear-Admiral Chadwick, like Grover Cleveland and many another student of the subject, declares must be to have free ships. And he also touches upon a point which is not dwelt upon often enough: We have right along been sacrificing the ship owners to the ship builders. The would-be owner is forced into other lines of business because he has not the right to buy his ships where he may as cheaply, at least, as the man who is competing with him. As soon as it is urged that we buy our merchant ships abroad, as foreigners used to buy of us when we could build better and faster ships than they, the cry of "spare the shipbuilder" is heard—the shipbuilder, whose American protected labor is beginning to bear something of the aspect of the protected labor of the American Woollen Company in Lawrence: in one shipyard of which Rear-Admiral Chadwick knows, all the riveters are Syrians. The powerful, vested shipyard interests that have been kept alive artificially all these years by Government contracts and the navigation laws, are not to be compelled to readjust their yards, enter into a fair and free competition with the rest of the world, and, in homely American language, "get out and hustle for the business." They are to fall back upon the Government and live under its protecting shadow.

Certainly no one can defend the present effect of our laws. That the Democratic minority has not seen its opportunity at this session of Congress to deal with this question is one of the disappointments of Mr. Underwood's leadership. No one can deny that, as Rear-Admiral Chadwick points out, this country has taken no part in the gigantic development of ocean transportation; "that the changes from wood to iron, from iron to steel, in construction; from the paddle to the screw; from the screw to the multiple screw; from the simple engine to the compound, from the compound to multiple expansion, from the reciprocating to the turbine engine, have been none of our initiative. We have been but followers in this great change—and at a sadly long distance." What else is to be expected so long as protection with its exclusion of foreign-built ships holds sway?

THE NEW HOME RULE BILL.

The bill for the government of Ireland, introduced in the House of Commons on Thursday of last week, conforms to general expectations. It is a sort of composite of the bills of 1886 and 1893. Some features it takes from the one, some from the other, and adds provisions and makes modifications suggested by the long discussion of the problem, now running over twenty-six years, and by the conferences of the statesmen both in England and Ireland who are responsible for the measure. As it stands, it is confessed by even its opponents to be a moderate bill. There is no setting up of a separate Ireland. She is to remain an integral part of the British Empire. It is merely a large part of her local government that is to be turned over to her. Imperial control in all Imperial affairs is to remain where it is now. None but purely Irish affairs—and not all of those as yet—are to be committed to the new Irish Legislature.

There have always been three great difficulties in the drafting of bills for Irish Home Rule. One has to do with the necessary safeguards for the Protestant minority; the other lies in the question of the financial relations between self-governed Ireland and the British Exchequer; the third is the stumbling-block of the retention or exclusion of Irish members of the House of Commons. To take the last matter first, Mr. Gladstone proposed in 1886 to cause Irish representation at Westminster to cease entirely. An Ireland self-governed, so ran the argument, had no more reason to send members to the Commons than had self-governed Canada. But by 1893 it was found that the cases were not parallel. Irish members were needed for at least certain purposes. So we got the famous "in-and-out" clause of the Home Rule of 1893, which would have given Ireland eighty representatives in the Commons, who should, however, have the right to vote only on Imperial or Irish business—not on what could be roughly classified as non-Irish business. This plan of Irish representation in reduced numbers and for limited purposes was criticised as unworkable; and Mr. Asquith's scheme is that of retaining forty-two Irish members, apparently with a vote on all questions. Under the Union, Ireland is entitled to 103 members; on the strict basis of population, she ought to have about seventy; so that the drop to forty-two obviously represents a compromise, and is one measure of the concession which Ireland is ready to make in order to obtain a freer hand in her local government. On the other hand, English Conservatives might well reflect that the getting rid of sixty-one trouble-making Irish would be not only a good thing in itself, but would prove a party advantage to them, in the long run.

In the other critical points the bill seems to have been carefully studied. The rights of the Ulster minority are protected in a variety of ways. In the very charter of the new Irish government are written down prohibitions of those acts of tyrannous oppression or re-

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ligious proscription by the alleged danger of which Belfast has been inflamed. The "safeguards" in Mr. Asquith's bill are, indeed, more numerous and more explicit than they were in either of Mr. Gladstone's. As for the thorny questions of finance, they are grappled with in all their difficult details. In view of the fact that economists and royal commissions have long since established the fact that Ireland is over-taxed, relatively to England, Scotland, and Wales, there cannot be very serious objection to the proposal to hand over to the Irish Exchequer from the British $2,500,000 the first year and then gradually lessened sums until the payment of $1,000,000 is reached.

All these matters will be vigorously debated in the Commons during the next few weeks, and the attempt will be made to rouse the old Unionist spirit in England which in 1886 defeated Gladstone and again in 1893 frustrated the effort to give Ireland Home Rule. But it is doubtful if this attempt will succeed. The whole situation is different. In 1886, Irish Home Rule was as a sword thrust into the vitals of the Liberal Party. To-day it is united on the Irish issue, and has the hearty support of the Labor Party. There is thus a majority for Home Rule independent of the Irish members. Moreover, under the working of the Parliament act, by which the veto of the Lords can be swept aside after three sessions, the motive for party cohesion and tenacity of purpose is greatly strengthened. The Conservatives can have no hope of preventing the passage of the bill through the Commons. And their recent endeavors to excite the country on the subject of Home Rule have not been conspicuously successful. A whole new generation has come in since the rancors of the Gladstone controversy. To rekindle the old fires will not be easy. With the aspect of parties, public feeling has greatly changed.

One thing that has plainly helped to change it is the great extension of self-government to Australia and to South Africa, which has been made since the first failures to obtain Home Rule for Ireland. Whether these self-governing English colonies have been an unqualified success or not does not go to the point. The large experiment has been tried; and it is no longer possible to assert so confidently that dire evils will follow self-government for Ireland. Australia and South Africa rise up to refute the argument. As long ago as 1886 Joseph Chamberlain said that if Ireland were 3,000 miles away, and if the Irish were not the Irish, they would have had Home Rule before that time. But such an absurdity cannot forever be persisted in. The fear that Dublin will desire to ruin Belfast is really as preposterous as a dread that Cape Town might desire to blot Johannesburg off the map. On this point of fair treatment for the Protestant minority, Mr. John Redmond spoke eloquently at Dublin, on the eve of the introduction of the Home Rule bill. He said to the great gathering of hopeful Irishmen:

> There is one gap in our ranks, one body of our fellow-countrymen are absent to-day. They are men who themselves and their ancestors have stood aloof for over one hundred years from the great body of their fellow-countrymen. What have I to say to them to-day? I say that for them in this hour of triumph for Ireland as a nation we have not one word of reproach or one trace of bitter feeling. We have one feeling only in our hearts, and that is an earnest longing for the arrival of the day of reconciliation. I say to these fellow-countrymen of ours that while they may repudiate Ireland, Ireland will never repudiate them, and we to-day look forward with absolute confidence to the certainty of the near approach of that day when they will form a powerful and respected portion of a self-governed Irish nation, and will have an opportunity of reviving once more the glories of their own ancestors, the Protestant patriots of Grattan's Parliament.

WESTERN HISTORY IN THE EAST.

That Harvard, an Eastern university, should desire to make itself supreme in its collections of Western history will, we fancy, stun for a moment the teachers and historians in the newer sections of this country. The State universities in Wisconsin and Illinois have so long been looked to as the inevitable repositories of the great masses of material from which Western history is to be written that it will seem at first thought as though this ambition of an Atlantic Coast university were reversing the natural order of events. The truth is that there is plenty of room for all three institutions, and probably for at least another on the Pacific Coast, to specialize in this field. But Harvard is already rich in material of this kind, as well as in books, manuscripts, and historical publications relating to other periods in American history. Moreover, New England has a special interest in the West, because it was from that section that the pioneers went forth to settle Ohio and the Middle West, to blaze the trail to Oregon, to free Kansas, and later to furnish the material resources to develop the new territories and to bind them with iron railway bands to the Union.

If we may judge by the make-up of the Commission appointed to collect the material, this latter fact was particularly in the minds of those who have planned the venture. Thus, Gen. Grenville M. Dodge, the constructing chief engineer of the Union Pacific, President F. A. Delano of the Wabash Railroad, and President Howard Elliott of the Northern Pacific are members of the Commission. Moreover, the funds for the purchase of books are to come from Mrs. William Hooper, the daughter of the late Charles E. Perkins, president of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy, to whose memory the collection is to be dedicated. Mr. Pearson's recent life of John Murray Forbes, who preceded Mr. Perkins as head of the Burlington Railroad, has proved clearly the need of recording at length the story of Eastern achievement in developing the railways of the West. Particularly at this time when the acute modern problems of railway operation and management and the political questions involved have obscured the actual accomplishments of the great railway pioneers in the face of apparently insuperable natural obstacles, is it fitting that there should be an effort to preserve the materials by means of which this romantic and stirring chapter in our Western development may properly be told for the profit of future generations.

But there are many other reasons why the collection of Western material should promptly be undertaken. Much of value is daily being lost because of a failure to understand its worth. Again, some of the State historical departments, and many of the historical societies, are in the hands of untrained workers in the field who clog their shelves with worthless material and publish reams of improperly edited or wholly unedited narratives of more than questionable utility. Particularly has this been true of the Kansas Historical Society, whose treasures, only just now being arranged in a fireproof library, will henceforth, doubtless, come in for better treatment. One outgrowth of this new Harvard undertaking may be an emphasizing everywhere of the need of

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better preserving the records of the past. Surely, the destruction of the New York and Missouri Capitols furnishes arguments enough to point the moral.

Here, however, we touch upon the one weak point in the Harvard proposal. With its utterly inadequate library, its lack of proper fireproof vaults, Harvard is scarcely in the position to ask outsiders to deposit in her hands the priceless collections she desires. We have repeatedly called attention to this, Harvard's greatest need. The University has obtained large sums for the Medical School, the Scientific School, for professorships and scholarships of all kinds. Each class now contributes $100,000 to the general endowment fund on the twenty-fifth anniversary of its graduation. But by some freak of fate no one gives or leaves money for a new library. Not even Mr. Carnegie is interested. Fully $300,000 and more has been spent upon the football stadium; a similar amount would make possible a splendid beginning of a new library according to the excellent plan that has been drawn to permit building by instalments. Still no one has appeared to end a situation which is almost a scandal.

BRITISH NOVELISTS IN AMERICA.

An interesting development of the last two or three years in the fiction market has been the introduction to the American public of English novelists who in their own country can point to a long career behind them. The pioneer in this latest British invasion was probably Mr. W. J. Locke, with his pleasant blend of sentimentality, whimsy, and not too erudite erudition. The man who at the present moment represents the crest and climax of the movement is, of course, Arnold Bennett. Running parallel with him or close in his wake have come a number of men of smaller pretensions but of sufficient merit to justify the venturesome trip across the Atlantic. There is Leonard Merrick, whose fine artistry offers a form of delight that Arnold Bennett can never hope, as he probably never wishes, to rival. There is E. Temple Thurston, who mingles contemplation with sentiment, just as Merrick mingles realism with sentiment. There is V. L. Whitechurch, a clergyman who has written in a tone of subdued pessimism concerning the daily history of quiet souls. There is G. A. Birmingham, also a clergyman, who revives, in the age of Synge and Yeats and the new Ireland, the older Ireland of Charles Lever and Samuel Lover. There is Mr. Richard Pryce, whose recent novel in this country is closely followed by the intimation of more to come. There is Mr. Basil King, and in all probability there will very soon be others.

The notable feature about nearly every one of the men we have mentioned is that their reputation and their works come to us in bulk. They are men who have toiled for years to win a public and are now coming into their own. In England it seems possible for an author to do what is almost impossible in this country—to go on writing novels that are not popular successes, without starving. When success does arrive it means that an author stands equipped with a full storehouse of ammunition to cast at the head of fleeting fortune. Hence the phenomenon of Arnold Bennett with a dozen books—or is it two dozen books?—advertised as all new to the American public. The same is true of Locke and Thurston. The same is true of Leonard Merrick. The reader who has sharpened his appetite on the delicious caviare of "Conrad in Quest of his Youth," need not stave off his hunger for a year or two till Mr. Merrick has written another novel. He can have his pick out of a dozen of these books all written and waiting to be bought. Or is it two dozen?

The book world has its ebbs and floods. Regularly recurrent waves of foreign influence beat upon our shores. Whenever the foreign tide recedes, patriotism makes it a cause for rejoicing. The desire to be self-sufficient is a healthy sign in a young nation. More than in the book world, the desire for emancipation has been felt in the theatre. It is half-a-dozen years, perhaps, since we have begun to take pride in the fact that the American playwright has at last come into his own. The formidable competition from England and Paris seemed at one time destined to disappear. The watchword became "American plays on American problems," and of these we have had a great plenty. Yet here, too, reaction seems bound to ensue. The foreigner this last season has made an excellent showing, and if the American dramatist thought he had the game won, he now knows better. And so with the novel writers. Our best sellers continue to be mainly of domestic manufacture. But of the books that carry significance to smaller and more fastidious publics, we do not produce an overplus. Very probably the present eruption of British writers is a good deal of a fad. The mimetic instinct is not wanting in the publisher's trade. One rousing success for a British importation is bound to open a market for the large output of English novels which, without being great books, are books well written and qualified to amuse.

But it may be that certain causes are also working from within. It is possible that we are growing a bit tired of the novel with a purpose. The American novelist, like the American playwright, has listened to the counsel which urged him to look for his material in problems of the nation and the day. Sometimes the problem has been a specific one—our cities, our politics, our children, our women, our doctors, our social maladjustments. Just as often the problem has been of a general nature—the chanting of the gospel of optimism and of strenuous effort which we have been told by foreign observers is the keynote of American life. Even the novel of adventure, as, let us say, Mr. Jack London cultivates it, instead of being accepted for what it is—a good story intended to amuse—has been regarded as an interpretation of the spirit of America. But of problems and pleadings the public is sure to grow weary at regular intervals. There is a reassertion of the normal appetite, not for Life or interpretations of Life, but for living people.

Now it is in depicting people who are alive that most of these younger men among the British novelists are quite expert. Some of them sentimentalize too much, prettify too much, and indulge too much in gentle melancholies. The method of James M. Barrie requires careful handling. Nevertheless there is a certain consistency of character development that makes for the impression of reality. The same person does not very often with them run the entire scale from burlesque, through farce, comedy, drama, tragedy, and back through melodrama to farce again. They count not by individual paragraph hits, but by total effects. We may put it another way. These Britishers have the sense of form. And form, in spite of

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what the revolutionaries will say, has always been of the essence of art.

GEORGE MOORE.

It is now about thirty-five years since George Moore, not content with the sole priestly auditor provided by his Church, abandoned the private confessional and began to pour along the town the secret flood of his ideas and emotions. How could he have done otherwise? Ireland taught his tongue not to cleave to the roof of his mouth; Roman Catholicism taught him to confess his sins; Jean Jacques, his Delphian Apollo, taught him to dulcify and ventilate them. He has held our attention by the subtle alternation of nakedness and filmy sophistication in his garb, by the dreamy femininity of his gesture, by the soft, almost unaccented rhythmical movement of his voice. In this alluring manner, always dulcet, always fluent, he has laid bare a soul compacted of nearly everything that is detestable to the mind of a plain citizen going about his business in the marketplace. He has confessed consuming egotism, quivering sensibility, fastidiousness, vanity, timidity coupled with calculating shamelessness, sensuality, a streak of feline cruelty, and absolute spiritual incontinence. Manet's portrait of him, the weird, wide-eyed face veiled under wispy hair, answers to his own unflattering self-portraiture: an elderly Irish satyr fluting among the reeds to a decadent Irish naiad, and, in the pauses of the fluting, mingling reminiscences of his adventures, artistic and amatory, with notes of the impressions made by the fading sunlight upon his soul. Mr. Moore, like the Ancient Mariner, has penance done and penance more will do. His latest volume of confessions is but the first of a trilogy at the conclusion of which he is to say farewell.*

Though this personality possesses a certain acrid *bouquet* of its own, it challenges our attention less by its uniqueness than by its representativeness. Clearly enough, he was cast—if anything so essentially fluid can be said to have been cast—in that temperamental mould which Rousseau idly intimated was broken up after his own creation. That temperament at work in contemporary art and morals, persisting unaltered under many manifestations, he represents with remarkable consistency and completeness. Purely intellectual initiative he has none. All his life he has lurked in the purlieus of schools and insinuated himself into movements, soliciting, like the barren Calpurnia, the fructifying touch of some fleet clearеyed runner. His literary *liaisons* have been as facile and as frequent as the infatuations of George Sand. He has succumbed in turn, not to enter into particulars, to three widely different movements; he has been wooed, won, and lost by æstheticism realism and the symbolism of the Irish Renaissance.

I.

The first step in the æsthetic novitiate is the preparation of the self for its own independent activity by detaching it from the complex organic network of domestic, social, racial, national, and religious relationships in which it has been placed by the irrelevant accident of birth. In the "Confessions of a Young Man" Mr. Moore dismissed in a page or two the Ireland of his childhood. The reason was obvious: it had nothing to do with the first phase of his literary career. From the day when he read the "Sensitive Plant" of Shelley "by the shores of a pale green Irish lake," he was destined to shake from his feet the dust of Ireland, he was devoted to art and letters, and dedicated to the continuation of Shelley's terrible mission—the emancipation of the human spirit.

An impressionable Irishman who had severed all natural ties could easily enough, in the 'seventies of the last century, have become a perfect æsthete in England. The spring had come slowly up that way, but at last it had definitely announced itself. Rossetti, having struck the note of intensity in painting and poetry, had gone on to the collection of blue china and Japanese bric-à-brac. In 1870 William Morris completed "The Earthly Paradise." Ruskin in the same year began to lecture on art at Oxford, teaching—to be sure, from his own high ethical standpoint—the pregnant doctrine that taste is morality. In 1873 Pater put forth his seductive studies in the art and poetry of the Renaissance, setting up the æsthetic ideal in Mona Lisa, committing to posterity the æsthetic testament in the famous Conclusion. Before the end of the decade Moore's fellow-countryman Wilde was delighting his circle, shocking the burgesses, and achieving notoriety by brilliant paradoxes and the hard gem-like beauties of strange verse. In ten years the æsthetic movement had run its swift course through beauty to intensity and thence to perverseness; and it had produced an effective school for the transformation of English youths into sunflowered Corinthian dandies.

Of this Oxford æstheticism Mr. Moore felt the influence in due season, but he somewhat anticipated its effects by crossing the Channel to France, and at once immersing his divested soul in the Lethe of an alien art. There he was gradually born again in the Ptolemaic world of the Latin Quarter, in the free society of the temporarily or permanently untied, in an atmosphere of smoke bounded by an horizon of canvas. There the deracinated Irishman assumed the language and the pleasures of the Parisian without assuming his responsibilities, lived in bachelor apartments surrounded with rare books, old furniture, and fantastic curios; rose at noon and retired at daybreak, and maintained a model and a python—the latter daily propitiated with guinea-pigs. Mistresses and pythons, cameos and sphinxes—these were the themes of his favorite poets and romancers, representatives of an older than the English æstheticism and potent contributors to it—Gautier and Baudelaire, Banville and Verlaine. In the unreal world of the studios which he haunted, Bohemian dreamers were painting dancing girls borrowed from the unreal world of the stage, Aphrodites rising from the sea, Harlequins and Columbines. In this little eccentric planet where the problems of good and evil resolved themselves into questions of green and gold, light and shadow, line and mass, pleasure and pain, Mr. Moore seems to have learned all the morality that he has ever practiced or advocated.

After a sojourn in Paris so long that he almost forgot the idiomatic use of English, he returned to England, an appetent and ambitious ego, in time to catch the æsthetic movement of the late 'seventies. In 1877, synchronizing with Oscar Wilde's arrival as a poet, he published his first book, of which the title, "Flowers of Passion," sufficiently indicates the character and the literary inspiration. He followed this up in 1881 with "Pagan Poems," and for several years to come diverted himself as journalist, critic, small poet, clever realistic novelist, and fop, rounding out his æsthetic period by the publication in 1888 of the "Confessions of a Young Man." As there was nothing novel in the processes by which Mr. Moore was turned out an æsthete, so there was nothing novel in the product. Listen, for example, to his Young Man unfolding the compact gospel of æsthetic egotism which France had received from Gautier in 1835 and from Baudelaire in 1857:

> What care I that some millions of wretched Israelites died under Pharaoh's lash or Egypt's sun? It was well that they died that I might have the pyramids to look on, or to fill a musing hour with wonderment.
>
> I am ashamed of nothing I have done, especially my sins, and I boldly confess that I then desired notoriety.
>
> Humanity is a pigsty, where liars, hypocrites, and the obscene in spirit congregate; it has been so since the great Jew conceived it, and it will be so till the end. Far better the blithe modern pagan in his white tie and evening clothes, and his facile philosophy. He says: "I don't care how the poor live; my only regret is that they live at all," and he gives the beggar a shilling.

In this year of grace these glowing Neronics no longer make us shudder;

Hail and Farewell: Ave. By George Moore. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

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they are beginning to make us yawn. If anything is dead, the æsthetic movement that took shape in the 'seventies is dead. The sphinxes and the green carnations, the flowers of passion and the ballads in blue china, already associate themselves in memory with the stucco and stuffed birds of an elder decorative scheme. To burn always with a hard, gem-like flame before a masterpiece of the Italian Renaissance no longer epitomizes for the younger generation "success in life." Where are the æsthetes of yesteryear? Where are our Oscar Wildes and Ernest Dowsons and Aubrey Beardsleys? Where are the authors and illustrators of the "Yellow Book" and the "Savoy"? Early death made havoc in their ranks, Socialism distracted the younger generation, fresh pastures invited them. They have left the banks of their Dead Sea desolate. Somewhat in advance of the general exodus, Mr. Moore's prescient nostril perceived a fetid odor rising from the waters, and he took refuge among the realists, from whom, for our purposes, it is not essential to distinguish the naturalists.

II.

It may appear at first thought a far cry from feeding guinea-pigs to pythons, and indulging in Neronic musings on the Egyptian pyramids, to writing a realistic novel of life in the slums of London. As æsthete, Mr. Moore had declared in 1888 that he did not care how the poor lived. In 1894, as realistic novelist, he brought out "Esther Waters," the intimate life history of an illiterate servant-girl who in the course of her squalid existence spent some time in the poor-house. If the author's confessions did not belie the suggestion, we might infer that a great change had come over him. Knowing him as we do, we are not permitted to conjecture that his contempt for the lower classes has dissolved in compassion for the poor. We must seek for the point of view from which an English scullery maid can be made to yield artistic satisfaction equivalent to that formerly yielded by the perfumed lady of romance.

We may approach the question by remarking that this point of view had been discovered by several of Mr. Moore's masters in fiction—by Balzac, Maupassant, and, notably, Flaubert. That relentless lover of *le mot unique* occupies in French literature a position closely corresponding to that occupied by Mr. Moore in English; he is the link between the romanticists and the realists. Frenchman and Irishman were temperamentally akin: open the "Education Sentimentale," and through page after page you will feel as if you were in the presence of an earlier version of Mr. Moore's memoirs. Formed in the intensely æsthetic school of Hugo, Gautier, and Baudelaire, Flaubert, like the Young Man, held that the only virtue is perfection of form. Fundamentally engrossed in sex, he, too, craved refinement in the seduction of the senses—the intoxication of perfumes, the allurement of lace, religious veilings, Oriental coloring, barbaric splendors. Finally, he, too, abhorred and despised the Philistine and all his virtues. "Salammbô," "La Tentation de Saint Antoine," "Hérodias"—such are the works you would expect from a man of his romantic origins. Why, then, does this great romantic artist bend all his talents to the portrayal of the bourgeois life of Madame Bovary, depraved wife of a stupid country doctor? Why, then, does this despiser of the vulgar herd cause to be bound up in the same volume with "Hérodias" the tale of an ignorant, sensual, long-suffering servant-girl ("Un Cœur Simple"), obviously related to Esther Waters?

Upon this peculiar transition from romanticism to realism Mr. Moore throws a luminous beam in several passages of his works commenting upon an artistic innovation of Degas. To this original painter, a man of penetrating intellect, belongs, according to our author, the credit for discovering that the nude was becoming well-nigh incapable of artistic treatment. To him also belongs the credit for the discovery of a method for rehabilitating the nude. The formula is novelty through cynicism. Having asked the rhetorical question, "Who in sheer beauty has a new word to say?" Degas sent for a butcher's fat wife, and requested her to pose for him. Following the clue of ugliness, Degas escaped from the tedious palace of romantic art into a new world of vivid sensations. Mr. Moore's delight with the results he has reiterated in his latest volume, but let us see how he tastes the flavor of this new æstheticism in his "Impressions and Opinions" of 1891:

> These coarse women, middle-aged and deformed by toil, are perhaps the most wonderful. One sponges herself in a tin bath; another passes a rough nightdress over her lumpy shoulders, and the touching ugliness of this poor human creature goes straight to the heart. A woman who has stepped out of a bath examines her arm. Degas says, *La bête humaine qui s'occupe d'elle-même; une chatte qui se lêche.* Yes, it is the portrayal of the animal life of the human being, the animal conscious of nothing but itself.

How superbly these figures stand forth in the hard clear light of contempt! George Eliot digressed in a familiar passage in "Adam Bede" to protest against the exclusion from art of Dutch subjects—"old women scraping carrots with their work-worn hands, . . . rounded backs and stupid, weather-beaten faces that have bent over the spade and done the rough work of the world." But George Eliot did not find it necessary to strip her old women or peep at them through a keyhole; it was not their essential animality but their essential humanity that attracted her; and the kindly light which fills her pictures is that light of moral sympathy and love which irradiates the bowed head of Wordsworth's leech-gatherer. A man detached from his species like Mr. Moore defends the ugly in art on entirely different grounds. Æsthetically very piquant indeed! That, so far as he is concerned, is a sufficient justification of naturalism.

Mr. Moore has profited by the lessons of Degas. How he probed into the animal life of his laundress when he was writing "Esther Waters," he has related with gusto. How in that novel he opened the door upon the physical terrors of birth the reader may determine for himself. His æsthetic zest in the repellant he carries over into the sentimentalities of his memoirs, employing a dash of the disgusting as a *sauce piquante* to heighten the sweetness of his reveries.

The kinship with Degas extends below the surface. Mr. Moore's work is conceived in cynicism and contempt for humanity. All his characters are considered as essentially animals propelled by the instincts of reproduction and self-preservation. The desire to sing, to paint, to pray—all are but transitory phases of sexual emotion, an idea elaborately drawn out through "Evelyn Innes" and its sequel, "Sister Teresa." The notion of self-determination, of an intelligible destiny guiding man like a star to ideal ends—this is an illusion. We—that is, the artists and women with whom Mr. Moore is most familiar—can do nothing but what is predetermined by the blind push in the darkness below and behind us of that vital energy which we share with the beasts of the field. To surrender ourselves wholly to the current of our natural impulses, to relish the undirected streaming of our sensations, to ask not whither we are drifting—this is the whole duty of man. This is the philosophy of naturalism.

III.

In 1894, three years after the date which Lady Gregory regards as marking the definitive awakening of the Irish imagination, Mr. Moore still thought of Ireland as a wretched realm by him happily abandoned, where no one did anything "except bring turf from the bogs and say prayers." He was still writing realistic English novels, explaining Ingres and Manet to the British public, and enriching his midnights by the exchange of impressions and sensations with Mr. Arthur Symons in the Temple. He had begun, however, to hear with increasing interest rumors that a mysterious angel was troubling the waters of the pale green Irish lake. In Kiltartan Lady Gregory was collecting folklore and by humble hearthsides learning the quaint old songs of the peasants. In Dublin a pale, thin poet

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was dreaming his way backward into the dim legendary days of Cuchullin and Diarmuid. One momentous night his fellow Templar, Edward Martyn, Roman Catholic, celibate, amateur in letters, hinted in his presence a desire for the ability to compose his plays in Irish. Piquant suggestion! As at the touch of an enchanted wand the closed cavern of Mr. Moore's youth opened, and through his consciousness drifted vague Irish memories faintly pungent like the smoke of a peat fire trailing over a low roof of thatch. Along his nerves he felt a premonitory tingling prophetic of a literary movement. He recalled an ancient saw of Turgenieff's, "Russia can do without any one of us, but none of us can do without Russia." What if he should go to Ireland and look into the matter?

Behold him now in Dublin with bosom bared to every wanton breeze, whiffing and sniffing the exciting air, and eagerly wooing to be wooed. A little chilled by the want of salvos greeting the return of the distinguished prodigal and literary elder brother, he duly casts a superior eye over the undertakings of the Celtic enthusiasts, inspects the theatre, revises plays, passes judgment on poems, and even delivers an occasional speech at a meeting of the Gaelic League. But something present in them or lacking in him prevented their working in perfect unity of spirit. Lady Gregory feared that he would break up the mould of Yeats's mind. He feared that Yeats would break up the mould of his. A suspicion on their side that he was not quite one of them and a tinge of jealousy on his side, reinforced by a conviction that they were "subalterns," widened the rift between them. The fact is that in their divers fashions they loved Ireland as their venerable mother. He, an international philanderer, despised Ireland, hoped that she would make love to him, tell him her secrets, "enwomb" his thoughts, and let him go. It were tedious to detail the long-drawn-out æsthetic coquetry which terminated in his final rupture with England and the formation of the Irish *liaison*.

Perhaps the most interesting fruits of this amour were the volume of sketches entitled "The Untilled Field" and the symbolistic novel called "The Lake." The first of these books is comparable in many ways with the justly celebrated work which seems to have inspired it, Turgenieff's "Memoirs of a Sportsman." The second is Mr. Moore's own very contemporaneous version of the unbinding of Prometheus—a piece of symbolism which summarizes whatever there has been of "Messianic" character in the author's career. The protagonist of this strange fiction is Father Oliver, a Roman Catholic priest, who dwells in a little cottage by a pale green Irish lake. He is fettered there by accident, custom, tradition; the vulture that consumes his liver is the ordinary routine of life. Through more than three hundred pages Father Oliver hovers about this lake, as vague, indeterminate, and purposeless as the mist that gathers and dissolves upon its bosom. At last an imperative instinct quickens in his blood like that which directs the mating and seasonal migrations of wild geese; he steals down to the bank, strips to the skin, hesitates for a moment, then plunges into the deep, swims to the other shore, and flees away. Thus the naturalistic philosophy of "Esther Waters," "Evelyn Innes," and "Sister Teresa" is "enwombed" in Ireland. Father Oliver is the spirit of man in modern times; he is the spirit of the Irish Renaissance; he is, in short, the perfectly emancipated spirit of George Moore.

IV.

We owe the same debt of attention to Mr. Moore that we should owe to a man who should push his boat into the river above Niagara Falls, ship his oars, and submit to the will of the waters; he would demonstrate the force and consequences of the current. Mr. Moore has shot the falls of naturalism. We were acquainted with its clear spring in the high mountain home, where Wordsworth, drinking, vowed himself "well pleased to recognize in nature and the language of the sense, the author of his purest thoughts, the nurse, the guide, the guardian of his heart, and soul of all his moral being." We had seen Wordsworth's pleasant faith in the concurrence of nature with the moral ends of man elaborately clothed in the fiction of George Meredith's "Richard Feverel," appearing ominously in the year of the publication of the "Origin of Species." We had seen in the work of Thomas Hardy the sweet pantheistic illusion give way to tragic insight into the actual relationship existing between nature and society. He, too, recognized in nature the power that moulds the characters and sways the destinies of men. But it was not clear to him that an impulse from a vernal wood would always send a Peter Bell to church or an errant father to his child; it seemed quite as likely that it would send a Jude to an Arabella or a Tess to an Alec. It appeared, in brief, to his vision that this blind power which moves through all things, though occasionally coincident with human law, urges men on to the fulfilment of its own tendencies, irrespective of the disasters which may consequently befall them in that social order established and regulated by reason and foresight. Because, however, he is fully aware of the resolute power perpetually conflicting with the incessant pressure of instinct, naturalism attains in him to tragedy. His grim symbol of the relationship between the impulse of nature and the morality of society is Tess of the D'Urbervilles swinging on the gallows. After Hardy, to speak of the concurrence of nature in the moral ends of man becomes impossible. We have reached the fork in the road; we must turn to the right with reason to guide us into the walled and steepled cities and the civil life of our kind, or turn to the left and trust to instinct. Mr. Moore turned to the left. In a few strides he passed beyond good and evil into that wilderness where birds and cantatrices sing, where wild creatures conceive and æsthetes confess, where every creeping thing brings forth its young, and the simple servant girl, having given to the world a natural son, lives happy ever after in the consciousness that she has accomplished that whereunto she was sent. In this Arcadian world there is neither comedy nor tragedy; for there is neither passion nor joy, conflict nor climax, reconciliation nor catastrophe: there are only the flush and fading of sensual excitement, the vicissitudes of wind and weather, the progress of the seasons, and the cyclic changes of birth and death. Mr. Moore is right in regarding his life as more significant than any of his works. When a man of great talent has made his mind a courtesan to nature, the only tragedy that he can write is his confession. When a man has shaken off all the bonds that united him with civil society, the only confession that he can make of significance to civil readers is that such emancipation is exile. What, then, does George Moore mean by telling us that beneath his frivolous mask is concealed a tragic actor?

Stuart P. Sherman.

Urbana, Illinois.

Correspondence

A FOOT-NOTE OF 1779.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In editing a manuscript of 1779 recently, I found buried in a foot-note a constitutional opinion on the relation of the nation to the States at that interesting date that reminded me of other famous foot-notes. The late Charles R. Hildeburn, when editing the statutes-at-large of his State, one day showed me a page or so of foot-note with references giving the complete history of an important statute, and pointing to it with pride, exclaimed: "That is my masterpiece!" Another foot-note—the longest probably in existence—is acknowledged by every lawyer in the same State to be an undoubted masterpiece, namely, that on the history of land law in Pennsylvania in "Smith's Laws." Whether this constitutional foot-note of 1779 which came to light recently, was thought a masterpiece or not, either by its author, James Wilson, or by those for whom it was written, namely, the French Minister, M. Gérard, and the Government of France, can only be conjectured; but a foot-note that pro-

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posed an amendment to the fundamental law of the United States at that date, in order to establish a consular system satisfactory to the French Government, whose Advocate-General Wilson then was, is certainly worth recording.

This particular foot-note was on a misplaced sheet, and passed for some legal opinion, because its first sentences argued for provision that commercial causes should be allowed an appeal to a court established by Congress, for cases between citizens of the United States and of other nations. But it might be asked why appeal could not be taken to the higher State courts. Thus follow his constitutional comments (italics are mine):

It may be likewise alleged that this is an encroachment upon the Sovereignty which each State has reserved to itself. This last objection is of a very delicate nature; and deserves to be seriously and maturely weighed. I shall, therefore, consider it with all the attention of which I am capable; and, if what I am to offer shall be thought insufficient to remove it, I am far from wishing that any steps should be taken to elude its Force.—It is true that, by the second Article of the Confederation, "each State retains its Sovereignty, Freedom, and Independence, and every Power, Jurisdiction, and Right, which is not by this Confederation, expressly delegated to the United States, in Congress assembled." It is also true that the only Courts which Congress are, by the Confederation, expressly empowered to appoint, are "Courts for the Trial of Piracies and Felonies committed on the high Seas, and for receiving and determining finally Appeals in all Cases of Captures." When we compare these two clauses together, it must be admitted that Congress have no express Power to give the Court of Appeals the Jurisdiction here proposed: And it must be further admitted that in interpreting Acts of such high Consequence and Solemnity, *it is dangerous to depart from the Letter, and introduce a construction according to the Spirit.* If, therefore, the Matter rested only on these two Clauses, the foregoing Objection would be insurmountable. But the Articles of Confederation themselves do not order the Door to remain absolutely shut against all Future Alterations and Improvements; tho', indeed, they direct Caution and judicious Reserve to be used in opening it. They conclude in this Manner: "The Articles of this Confederation shall be inviolably observed by every State, and the Union shall be perpetual; nor shall any Alteration at any Time hereafter be made in any of them; unless such Alteration be agreed to in a Congress of the United States, and be afterwards confirmed by the Legislatures of every State."—It is proposed that all this system concerning the Jurisdiction and Proceedings of Courts in foreign commercial Causes "should originate in Congress," and be recommended by that Body to the different States." This is precisely the Mode prescribed by the Articles of Confederation with Regard to "any Alteration at any Time hereafter to be made in any of them."

After thus showing that, if the States failed to adopt it, that ended the matter, the writer proceeds:

Though in considering the Question, whether this particular Regulation is already comprehended within the Powers delegated to Congress by the several States, *it would have been improper to depart from the Letter of the Articles of Confederation and interpret them according to their spirit;* it is highly proper to enter into such a deduction of this kind in order to shew that the Regulation is a fit object of an Alteration to be made in the Manner which those Articles prescribe. . . . In some Respects, the United States are consolidated into one political Body, of which Congress is the Agent and Representative. In other Respects, they remain separate, distinct and independent Republics. They are to be considered in the former Point of View in all their Engagements and Transactions and Connexions with other Powers. For between them and each particular State no channel of communication is permitted to be opened, without the Intervention of Congress.

He then shows that unless this power was given to Congress no foreign Government could get redress from either state or nation, if aggrieved, and the United States would be in an awkward condition to ask redress in its own cases. He argues the case at length from many points of view, ending this part of the argument with the following: "The foregoing Reflexions, I hope, will be sufficient to show, that while I argue for the Appeal to the Courts established by Congress, I argue in the spirit of the Articles of Confederation."

BURTON ALVA KONKLE.

Swarthmore, Pa., April 10.

AN OPINION OF ROOSEVELT FROM MANILA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: There are a vast number of sober-minded and honest American citizens whose conception of morality is limited to the equation of personal integrity. Men incapable of a shady business transaction, they, nevertheless, not only refuse to denounce Mr. Roosevelt's immoral theft of the Canal Zone as such, but rather extol it as the most moral, patriotic, and American act of his career! Worse yet, this body is largely recruited from the ranks of non-partisans in politics—to whom the words "patriotism" and "Americanism" appeal more forcibly than the words "Republican" or "Democrat." This body of voters added to the "Old Guard" makes a staggering combination. Now add to it the great multitude of the noisy, shouting "Teddy" group, and you have an aggregation that must overwhelm all opposition.

To be still more pessimistic, let me aver there is still a very large minority of citizens of a high enough order of intelligence to be independent in politics, and who flatly refuse to concede that patriotism, Americanism, and gross national dishonesty are coördinate terms, and who will not only refuse to support the chief exponent of dishonesty and hypocrisy, but who, realizing the hopelessness of their minority, will, in sheer disgust, keep from the polls and still largely enhance his triumph.

WM. S. LYON.

Manila, P. I., February 28.

"WHITE."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the absence of full information for which we must wait until the New English Dictionary reaches the letter *w*, permit me to remind "Guilmensian" (*Nation*, April 4) that *white* was a common term of endearment or affection in the time of Queen Elizabeth and King James. Several instances are noted by the late Churton Collins, in "The Plays and Poems of Robert Greene," Vol I, p. 299. Collins repeats from Warton, "History of English Poetry," IV, 394, that Dr. Busby of Winchester "used to call his favorite scholars his 'white boys.'" Our *white*, as an epithet of commendation, is apparently derived from this seventeenth century usage. An earlier stage may be seen in *white* in the sense of *beautiful* in Layamon's "Brut," about 1205, lines 31,086-7:

nis nan feirure [fairer] wifmon
tha whit sunne scineth on.

B. S. M.

Ithaca, N. Y., April 6.

"THE BEGGARS' AND VAGRANTS' LITANY."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: This is the Beggars' Litany (as given in Carter's "History of English Legal Institutions," 3d ed., p. 289, note):

At Hallifax, the Law so sharpe doth deale,
That whoso more than thirteen pence doth steale;
They have a Thynge that wondrous, quicke and well
Sends Thieves all headlesse unto Heav'n or Hell.

Further details are in Encyclopædia Britannica, 9th ed., XI, 344, under Halifax, and in all the books on Yorkshire I have seen, *e. g.*, Roth's "Yorkshire Coiners," pp. 192-206, and Fletcher's "Book about Yorkshire," p. 295. R. N.

Boston, April 13.

DOUBTFUL POEMS OF MEREDITH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the *Nation* for March 28 it is pointed out by Mr. L. S. Livingston, in "News for Bibliophiles," that Mr. Esdaile's "Chronological List" of Meredith's works (in the Memorial edition) does not include a "private reprint, 'Twenty Poems of George Meredith,' being a collection of pieces contributed by him to *Household Words* between 1850 and 1856, issued in an edition of twenty-five copies only, in 1909." "The authenticity of these poems," writes Mr. Livingston, "is proved by the office record of the magazine. Two other poems published in the same magazine in 1850 were, with some alterations, reprinted by Meredith himself in his first volume, published the next year, 1851." I have not seen the volume mentioned by Mr. Livingston; but I presume the poems included to be twenty of the twenty-three poems listed by B. W. Matz (in *T. P.'s Weekly*, February 17, 1911) as poems ascribed to George Meredith in the contributors' book of *Household Words*. If this is so, it should be noted that Mr. W. M. Meredith (in the London *Times* weekly edition, February 24, 1911) denies that his father is the author of any of these poems except the three printed as Meredith's in authorized editions of his works (*i. e.*, the two referred to by Mr. Livingston, "Sorrows and Joys" and "The Two Blackbirds," first reprinted in the 1851 "Poems"; and "Monmouth," first reprinted in the final volume of the Memorial edition). "During my father's lifetime," writes Mr. Meredith, "Mr. Matz brought these poems . . . to his notice and was informed that with certain exceptions [*i. e.*, the three poems mentioned] the poems attributed to him by Mr. Matz on the authority of the ledger were not written by him." The *Times* prints also Mr. Matz's reply, in which, however, no proof is given that the poems were written by George Meredith. In the case of the poems entitled "New Year's Eve," "The Congress of Nations," and "The Linnet Hawker," Mr. Matz shows, the author's name is entered as "Meredith," and the post-

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office order indicates the places at which Meredith was residing with his wife. But in the absence of anything more demonstrative than this, are we not bound to accept Mr. Meredith's explanation that the poems were written by George Meredith's wife? Apart from Mr. Meredith's assurance, the character of the poems, as far as indicated by Mr. Matz's quotations, would make this probable. "Meredith" was not in those years a name specially appropriated to a particular poet. It was doubtless with these facts in mind that the publishers of the Memorial edition did not include the twenty poems in question, and that Mr. Esdaile (if indeed he knew of its existence) did not include in his list the volume in which they were reprinted. Students of Meredith, however, should find this volume of the greatest interest for what light it may throw on the talented daughter of Peacock and first wife of Meredith. Anything that serves to elucidate her character serves to illustrate a somewhat obscure passage in the life of Meredith. In bringing to light these poems of Mrs. Meredith, Mr. Matz has perhaps made as valuable a discovery as if they had proved to be by Meredith himself.

JOSEPH WARREN BEACH.

The University of Minnesota, April 9.

Literature

SOURCES OF GREEK RELIGION.

Greece and Babylon: A Comparative Sketch of Mesopotamian, Anatolian, and Hellenic Religions. By Lewis R. Farnell, Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. $3 net.

Though the impulse to the modern historical study of religions was given by an Oxford man (F. Max Müller, in his lectures on the "Science of Religion," 1870), and English writers like Tylor, Robertson Smith, and Frazer have laid the foundations of the new science, English universities have hitherto not given it official recognition. University chairs of general religious history were established in Holland in 1876 and in France in 1880, and their example has been followed to some extent in this country and in Japan. The endowment of Dr. Henry Wilde has now given Oxford University a lectureship in "natural and comparative religion," and the choice of the first Wilde lecturer has happily fallen on a scholar whose distinguished services to the history of Greek religion are recognized everywhere. Dr. Wilde's wish limits the investigation of this lectureship to the ideas and forms of the more advanced religions; it is to be hoped that its field will be widened so as to embrace the lower cults.

Dr. Farnell has chosen as the theme of his first course (his term of service extends over three years) the religious influence of the East on the West; in the East he includes Babylonia, Assyria, and Asia Minor (the Hittite and Phrygian cults), and in the West the Greek and the Ægean or Minoan-Mycenæan, thus for the first time embracing in a general view all the great ancient systems that constituted the world of the Euphrates and the Eastern Mediterranean. He omits India, Persia, and Egypt, probably as being more remotely connected with this early world, though the Ægean seems to have been affected by the Egyptian. As his purpose is to discover what is indigenous in the several regions, he confines his inquiry to the second millennium B. C.—in the later period, especially in the Græco-Roman time, the interchanges of ideas and usages between East and West were numerous and important. And, as our knowledge of the Hittite and Ægean religions, notwithstanding recent explorations, is as yet far from satisfactory, his comparison deals largely with Babylonia and Greece. He subjects current opinions as to supposed loans on one side or the other to a critical examination, illumined by wide and exact learning, and conducted with admirable impartiality and sanity.

For borrowing social contact is necessary, and in the present case, as is remarked above, the comparison is confined to the earliest known period, in which intimate association is in general not proved. Farnell mentions various resemblances in the Eastern and Western cults that do not suggest influence in either direction. In both regions there are well-formed anthropomorphic deities (as also in Asia Minor and the Ægean), but such figures abound everywhere (even, it might be added, in savage cults). The similarity between the cults of the East and the West extends to "nature deities," deities, that is, whose physical relations are obvious. Such divine figures arise naturally in various parts of the world, and there is, therefore, no need to suppose that a Hittite or a Hebrew or a Greek storm-god was derived from Babylonia. But the particular phenomena divinized are determined by climatic and meteorological conditions; thus, Farnell calls attention to the fact that astral gods, prominent in Mesopotamia, were of little importance in Greece—Helios was not so great a god as Shamash—while, on the other hand, Earth played a great rôle in Greece, but had no cult in Babylonia.

These early deities, Farnell further notes, are in general of a kindly disposition, subject, indeed, to fits of anger; but also inclined to be merciful. The close relation between the king and the god is a natural and common fact. The general morality, whether of the family or international, was about the same in the East and the West. Certain cultic features are common to the two regions, such as sacred stones and pillars, idols, temples, priests, and bloody and unbloody sacrifices. Such instances of resemblance call for no remark. A point of special interest is the much-discussed figure of the "virgin-mother." The term is not appropriate—there are virgin-goddesses and mother-goddesses, but, though savage thought is familiar with the idea of birth without the union of the sexes, neither in Babylonian nor in Greek mythology is there an example of such birth except in the late story of Athene issuing from the cleft head of Zeus. The phrase seems to have been suggested by the fact that certain deities, such as Artemis and Ishtar, are called sometimes virgin and sometimes mother. Farnell gives the right interpretation: Ishtar, as patroness of fertility, was at one time thought of, like Kore, as a maid; but having become a great goddess, she was regarded as the producer of all things and, as such, received the affectionate title of "mother." A similar explanation holds in the case of Artemis; in neither case is there ground for supposing influences of East on West or of West on East. Farnell follows Evans in holding that Aphrodite came to Greece not from the Semitic East, but from the great early Ægean cult. It is true that no Greek or Semitic explanation of her name has been discovered, and that already in the Iliad (possibly before there was social intercourse between Babylonia and Greece) she is one of the Olympians; but the solution of the question of her origin must await further information about the cults involved. Probably, however, we must agree with our author in his view that the Babylonian Tammuz did not come to Greece in pre-Homeric days. The mourning for Tammuz in Babylon was an official temple lamentation over the disappearance of vegetation. Orgiastic mourning was a product of Phrygia or of a pre-Phrygian Asia Minor population, not derived from Mesopotamia, and the old Hellenic agrarian cults of Linos and other such figures may well have been independent of the East. Farnell seeks to find in Ægean religion hints of the death and resurrection of a god, but the evidence is meagre.

Thus, of a vast Babylonian influence on Greece in early times our author finds no proof, and, on the other hand, he points out many differences between the two cults, of which only the most striking can be mentioned here. The Babylonian mythology, he notes, is purer than the Greek—it contains no such gross details as disfigure the latter. It is to be observed, however, that, with the exception of a couple of episodes in the Gilgamesh poems, we have records only of the formal official worship in Mesopotamia, and the old Greek official temple worship also appears to have been solemn and dignified; all through religious history popular ceremonies and stories have fallen below the level of worship proper. Still, it is true that the

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Semites had the minimum of mythology—their deities stood socially aloof from men, and did not have human adventures. A deeper-lying difference between the two communities, on which Farnell lays stress, is that of temperament. Babylonia was more ecstatic and sentimental, its liturgy was sorrowful (having confession, and lamentation for sins), its attitude towards the deity was one of humility and fear (so in the hymns to the gods and the penitential psalms). Greece was freer in bearing, its gods were companions, its liturgy was cheerful. It is in accordance with this difference that the Babylonians, so far as appears, had no family worship and no mysteries such as are found in Greece. Magic was dominant in Babylonia—the Babylonians, says Farnell, lived in an atmosphere of magic, surrounded by hosts of daimonic powers, against which exorcisms had to be employed and taboos to be observed; the Greeks were comparatively free from this obsession. Sacrifice was more highly elaborated in Greece; it seems to be true, as our author remarks, that the conception of communion with the deity in sacrifice is not found in Babylonia. So far as the eschatological ideas of the two regions are concerned, there is not much to choose between them; but Greece had a somewhat less gloomy hades, with perhaps a germinal conception of retribution after death. The position of women in the old Mesopotamian temple ritual is discussed at length by Farnell, who distinguishes three classes of women: the "votaries" of the Hammurabi code, highly respected ministrants in the temples; courtesans such as appear in the Gilgamesh epic; and the women who come under the provision described by Herodotus, that every Babylonian woman, before she could be married, had to sit in the court of the temple of Mylitta and give herself to the first stranger who cast a piece of money into her lap. For the proposed explanations of this curious custom, in which the "stranger" makes a great difficulty for recent writers, the reader must be referred to Farnell's discussion, which, if not wholly satisfactory, will at least set forth the problems to be solved.

It is regrettable that this volume, admirable in method and spirit, and abounding in instructive remarks in addition to the points mentioned above, should be marred by inaccurate proofreading, mainly in the spelling of proper names.

CURRENT FICTION.

Vistas of New York. By Brander Matthews. New York: Harper & Bros.

A dozen impressions, sketches, and stories have gone to the making of a companion volume to the "Vignettes of Manhattan" and "Outlines in Local Color," in which Professor Matthews has before this attempted to catch the fugitive aspects of Babylon. The earliest of the selections in the present volume was written more than twenty-five years ago, and the latest are dated 1910. To each chapter the author has affixed the year of its origin, in order that the reader may judge for himself whether the picture squares with the original. It was rather needless labor. The reader would have been willing to take it on faith that "bob-tail" cars traversed New York and that ladies in leg-of-mutton sleeves rode on bicycles as the story describes them. What he misses is the higher realities, that touch of soul or manners that distinguished the New York of Cleveland's first Administration from the city of to-day, and more than that, the touch that distinguishes New York from any other large city. Take away proper names like Central Park and Madison Square and it nearly all could have happened elsewhere, with the exception of those stories that could have happened nowhere. In arranging his material Professor Matthews made no attempt to put his best foot forward. He begins with a succession of quite amateurish and colorless little tales, and only midway in the book do we find the two best things in it, "In a Hansom," which does suggest the *morale* of Manhattan even as it unwinds its panorama in the course of a drive down the length of Fifth Avenue; and "The Frog that Played the Trombone," which would have been a good story even in Philadelphia. "In the Small Hours" is an effective little study in the psychology of sleeplessness. On the other hand, there is an elaborate attempt at grisly humor in "On an Errand of Mercy," which fails in reaching the mark.

The Heart of Life. From the French of Pierre de Coulevain. By Alys Hallard. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

The brilliant Frenchwoman who writes under the pseudonym of "Pierre de Coulevain" has produced here a pleasantly nondescript volume made up of extracts from the diary of a novelist who is incapable of writing a diary without producing a novel. It is divided into six parts labelled "Baden," "St. Gervais," "Lausanne," and so forth.

The reflections and events chronicled are supposed to be the fruit of a sort of leisurely pilgrimage in search of rest, undertaken by the author on the conclusion of her book about England, "The Unknown Isle." She begins with a feeling of relief at the completion of a difficult task, and a general intention to amuse herself by writing a book to be called "The Heart of Life." The title had caught her fancy, and she had a conviction (justified by the event) that she should be able to write a book to fit the title. Among her friends was a young Parisian *divorcée*, Maïa Lasserre. She is a modern, young, full of revolt against the tyranny of man, and disenchanted by her own experience of marriage. As we presently discover, the Count de Couzan, from whom she has withdrawn herself (without scandal) is as charming a young person, and as irreproachable outside of matrimony, as she herself. From the outset it is the perfectly clear intention of the author to bring these two young people together again; and her pages have so far the air of fiction that it does not occur to the reader that she may fail in that amiable task. She does not; but before the misguided ones are restored to each other, they must be educated; and Pierre de Coulevain is perfectly ready to undertake the part of tutor. She gives them, by turns, certain "little lessons in Natural History," couched in terms of an appalling frankness, from the Anglo-American point of view. The upshot of it is that the root of the misunderstanding between the pair has been due to the total ignorance of "what life expects of them" with which the girl has been allowed to enter the married state.

In a sense the book is a plea for the rational preparation of girl or boy for the most important relation in life. The theory is more familiar to the English or American parent than to the French; but it is doubtful if our practice greatly differs from theirs. Apart from its element of tractarian romance, and apart from the vivacious and sweet-tempered charm of its style (perceptible through the medium of a not particularly happy translation), the book contains, or embodies, a sort of confession of faith: that nothing can be discovered by itself. "Here below, and everywhere throughout the universe, everything is linked together, everything holds together"—a creed more remarkable for the spirit and grace with which it is here enforced and illustrated, than for its novelty.

The Breaking Point. By Fred Lewis Pattee. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

Throwing a good parson at a bad woman sums up well enough the author's purpose in this story. The parson saw her for the first time just after midweek prayer-meeting, when she was about to fling herself under the wheels of a street-car. Coming out opportunely, he saved her life, and being young and ardent, must not stop at that. Presently he had a whole respectable church buzzing about his ears—and it appears that Mr. Pattee's opinion of respectable churches and their respectable pillars is not as high as it might be. At all events, some very ugly things are done and a sad state of morals is suggested in that prosperous New England town (not remote from Boston). There are some not uninteresting episodes, some glimpses of church meetings taken

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from life, and some samples of restaurant life after 10 P. M. which lack verisimilitude. The final curtain falls on a sad, lonely saint in a Salvation Army uniform in the place of the fair and reckless creature who made all the trouble.

A Local Colorist. By Annie Trumbull Slosson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

For the first of her four stories Mrs. Slosson has a rather ingenious idea. A would-be story writer searches for dialect and local color, persuaded by a friend that therein lies her best chance of success. Being of Franconia, she is herself addicted to what she calls "dialections," not knowing that she is the seeker and the sought—not even when another dialect story writer in search of material hangs upon her words. There is a bad hour for her when she abandons her ambitions because she is persuaded of the indelicacy of setting down the peculiarities of one's fellowmen; but her unconsciousness of the fact that other authors are less scrupulous saves her from irretrievable hurt. The consideration of dialect as "the other person's language" has meantime been cleverly presented in the author's familiarly humorous strain. The tourist nature student receives attention in another story, with a kindly laugh at his or her "observatory ways." Preternatural manifestations are dealt with in the remaining two, of which the better is the one that describes the return of "A Dissatisfied Soul" from purgatorial regions. The prophecies of "A Prophetic Romancer" are remarkable, but lack even the pretence of explanation necessary to illusion.

LETTER-BOOKS OF LONDON.

Calendar of Letter-Books, City of London. Letter-Book K. Temp. Henry VI. Edited by Reginald R. Sharpe. London: Guildhall.

Dr. Sharpe, Records Clerk in the office of the Town Clerk of the City of London, has here continued his excellent series of Calendars of Letter-Books preserved among the archives of the Guildhall. The original volumes, which date from 1275 and extend in a double lettered series to 1688, are of special importance to the year 1416, when the Journals of the Common Council begin. But as the latter record the proceedings both of Common Council and Court of Aldermen very roughly to 1495, at which date the proceedings of the last-named court were first entered in a separate set of volumes known as "Repertories," it has been deemed best to continue the Calendars of Letter-Books through the fifteenth century.

Letter-Book K embraces the period from 1422 to 1461. It presents a valuable record of the history of the city during these years and shows how important a place the city held in the affairs of the kingdom and how often the highest authorities, both in church and state, looked to it not only for financial help, but for moral help, too. Kings, regents, bishops, and cardinals sought its support, as did even cities in France. For the internal life of the city the record is lively and interesting. It discloses the relations of the corporation with the city churches, and its attitude towards freemen, aliens, apprentices, and bondmen. It shows also that the reign of Henry VI was remarkable for the advancement of the trade and craft guilds, many of which obtained charters of incorporation for the first time, while others had their privileges confirmed or amplified. It deals with some very modern questions, such as the relations between masters and servants, the latter of whom were setting up for themselves, establishing a brotherhood or revelling hall and a livery, and organizing to thwart the masters on every possible occasion. Dr. Sharpe remarks that these and similar attempts of the servants or journeymen of a craft "to break away from authority and to combine together for their own ends, regardless of the welfare of the community at large, find a parallel in the actions of trade unions at the present day."

Important among the entries are the records of benefactions, particularly those of Richard Whittington, carried out by his executors after his death. Whittington's estate provided for the erection of the Guildhall and the establishment of its library. One alderman paid for laying pipes to convey water from Paddington, first to Tyburn and then to Charing Cross; another erected, at his own expense, a granary for the storage of wheat against times of scarcity. A precedent for a current political issue may be found in the request of the King that a favorite mayor might be elected for a third term. As such an election was contrary to the ordinances of the city, the Council decided against the royal plea.

Sixty Years: Life and Adventure in the Far East. By John Dill Ross. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $7 net.

These two volumes are devoted to the biography of John Dillon Northwood and his son, the elder man being noteworthy as the pioneer of British commerce on regular lines from Singapore to the Borneo ports north of Sarawak. They are written with a keen sense of humor, and with clever delineation of even the minor characters. But the chief value of the work is the sidelight it casts upon European life and politics in the Far East. It is a matter of ceaseless wonder, not that British interests are unable to compete with German, but that they can exist at all, so slack is English business administration and so easy-going are the administrators. Nothing but stupidity and insularity forced young Northwood, after his father's death, to sell to a German firm his steamship line from Singapore to Labuan. German merchants in the Orient may not compare with the English in firm moral principles, but they adapt themselves—at least externally—far more readily to local situations, and they work unremittingly while the Englishman indulges in sports and otherwise plays the gentleman of leisure, both unwilling and unable to lay aside the traditions of his native island.

Mr. Ross (or Northwood, jr., for the two are so blended in the biography that it is impossible to distinguish the opinions of the one from those of the other) is strongly convinced of the "yellow peril," and thinks the prophecy of the drunken Kada, that "the day was coming when the despised Yellow-skins would hurl the arrogant white man into the depths of defeat and ruin," will not lack fulfilment if Japan can accomplish it. He deems the Japanese, though extremely able and brave, as a nation "cruel, vindictive, unscrupulous, and licentious, dominated by insatiable ambitions and by a pride intolerable to men of other nations"; he believes "it might have been better for the future peace of the world if Russia had not been hurried into signing the Peace of Portsmouth by the internal condition of the empire." He is also strongly opposed to what he calls the "general education" mania current in our day—the promotion of universal sciolism and the metamorphosis of decent Orientals into half-baked Babu imitations of white men, and as a contrast with that system praises the Dutch colonial administration: "They do not force an elaborate system of education on millions of natives who are not ripe for it, and then stand around in pious astonishment when discontent and sedition reward the sowers of some particularly wild oats."

He is more sympathetic in his account of the work of the Roman Catholic missionaries in Annam, not only in matters specifically religious, but also in their efforts to raise the industrial status of the Annamese, as in paddy-planting and in the cultivation and manufacture of silk. Possibly it was no idle boast of Père Dulac that "the republicans of to-day may not like to admit that France owes the possession of Indo-China and Annam solely and entirely to the efforts of the Church, but that does not in any way alter the facts of the case." The touching gratitude of the French Republic, as voiced by the Annamese collector, is that "every white missionary without excep-

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tion should be expelled from Indo-China."

Other Sheep: A Missionary Companion to "Twice-Born Men." By Harold Begbie. New York: George H. Doran Co. $1.25.

It will be recalled that in "Twice-Born Men" Mr. Begbie attempted to prove by detailed reports of a series of remarkable cases that character may be instantly changed by the experience of conversion. The sub-title of "Other Sheep" is slightly misleading; the book contains several stories of wonderful conversions, but primarily it is a discussion of the general problem of Christianity in India, with special reference to the work of the Salvation Army. It shows traces of hasty composition; it is not always coherent; but it draws an exceedingly interesting picture of the religious condition of India, based largely on first-hand observation.

Mr. Begbie first describes the extraordinary man under whose guidance he saw India, and who is his chief authority—"Fakir Singh," the English ex-official who is at the head of the Indian branch of the Salvation Army. He then attempts to show by an exposition of Hindu character and religion that what India needs above everything else is Christianity. So far, he thinks, the most important results of missionary labor have been indirect. "Christianity has given India the sense of human brotherhood and the idea of social ethics . . . has begun to moralize Hinduism." Its direct results would be far greater than they are, but for three fundamental mistakes. The first is the rivalry between various denominations; the second, the fact that too much emphasis has been laid on the ritualistic side of Christianity. "A Christianity which is priestly in character and which savors in the least degree of magic cannot look for the conversion of India, where an immemorial priesthood and a thorough and explicit magic are masters of the situation." The third blunder, and the one on which Mr. Begbie lays most emphasis, is the attempt to teach too much theology. "To go as a theologian to these hungering and thirsting millions and to dogmatize about the origin of evil and the nature of Christ is but to anger and confuse them." The great merit of the Salvation Army is that it has presented Christianity free from theology and ritualism, as the simple religion of peace and joy—as the religion of optimism, in contrast with Hindu pessimism and terror of the gods.

At Benares the sights of the holy city caused Mr. Begbie to experience a curious reaction against religion in general. "Wherever Faith is ascendant over Reason," he writes, "humanity is degraded to the brute level." Yet earlier in the book he asks us to believe such stories as that of the devil-dancer who had been "sexually vile and dreadful," who had committed "excesses of indescribable horror," and yet who, after an instantaneous conversion, became not only "clean in all his habits," but "pure even in the thoughts of his heart." Inconsistent as the book is, however, it is always interesting and thought-provoking. And it contains a good many shrewd observations, such as this:

> Perhaps few people realize, from the Tory who violently supports it to the Socialist who as violently defames it, how far the Government of India has gone along the road of . . . Socialism. . . . The home Conservative defends in India what he would die to oppose in England, and the Socialist attacks in India what he so eloquently demands for England.

Colonial Society of Massachusetts Publications. Volume XIII: Transactions 1910-1911. Boston: The Society.

The Colonial Society of Massachusetts has printed, as the most important contribution of its thirteenth volume of transactions, the letters of Dennys de Berdt, agent in London of the Massachusetts House of Representatives from November, 1765, to his death in April, 1770. The letters were found a year or more ago among some old papers in the garret of a house at Great Neck, New York, copied into an ordinary quarto blank-book containing 134 pages. The history of the book is unknown. This discovery arouses the hope that other similar material may be in existence, for papers relating to the activities of the colonial agents in London are among the rarest of colonial documents.

De Berdt's name is less familiar than are those of other of Massachusetts' agents, William Bollan and Israel Mauduit, for example; but his service to the colony during a very exacting period was considerable. He received a piece of plate from the Delaware Assembly, whose agent also he was, "in grateful memory of his faithful services executed successfully" in obtaining the repeal of the Stamp Act. The Massachusetts body passed a vote of thanks and made in his behalf and for the same reason an appropriation which, as events proved, he was very slow in receiving. The chief value of the letters lies in the light which they throw upon statesmen and parties in England, and on the deliberations of the Massachusetts leaders, to whom de Berdt gave good advice. He was on the spot and wrote at times with "a friendly freedom," as he himself expressed it, though his letters are badly spelled and display as supreme a contempt for the King's English as did the actions of Massachusetts for the King's authority.

The remaining papers in the volume are of all sorts, one at least, that of Professor Kittredge on "George Shirk, Minister," being of very real value, as showing many curious details of clerical life in the struggling colony of Bermuda. It is heartily to be wished that local societies would see their way more often to the printing of matter of general interest, for some of the transactions here presented to the public seem unduly limited both in scope and importance. The announcement made by the society that money has been given for the printing of the second volume, which is to contain the royal commissions of the Massachusetts Governors and has been long delayed, is welcome, but we think that the commissions alone, without the royal instructions, will be very repetitious and of relatively little value.

Notes

An edition of the "Poetical Works of William Drummond of Hawthornden" is announced by the University Press of Manchester University. Prof. L. G. Kastner is the editor.

In "Sociological Study of the Bible," a book promised by the University of Chicago Press, Louis Wallis attempts to show how the religion of the Bible developed out of a lower form of religion.

"The Plunderer," a novel by Roy Norton, will be brought out soon by W. J. Watt & Co.

Houghton Mifflin Co. will have ready on April 27: "High Bradford," a picture of the life of an old Cape Cod seaport village fifty years ago, by Mary Rogers Bangs; "The Contest for California in 1861," by Elijah R. Kennedy, and "Kant and Spencer," by Borden Parker Bowne. The same house will bring out in the autumn the essays which John Burroughs has written during the past year.

William Rickey & Co. have in their list for early publication: "The Book of Parties and Pastimes," by Mary Dawson and Emma P. Telford; and "Downward," by Maud Churton Braby.

"A Shopping Guide to Paris and London," by Frances B. S. Waxman, is an item in McBride, Nast & Co.'s list.

Banking and the currency question in their latest aspects, discussed from American points of view, form the subject of a book, entitled "Banking Reform," which the National Citizens' League announces for immediate publication. It has been written by a group of specialists chosen by Prof. J. Laurence Laughlin of the University of Chicago, who is its editor.

Among the books which Small, Maynard & Co. will issue shortly are: "Tripoli the Mysterious," by Mabel Loomis Todd; "The Sonnets and Ballate of Guido Cavalcanti," rendered into English verse by Ezra Pound; "A Woman's Winter in South America," by Charlotte Cameron; "The Last Episode of the French Revolution," by E. Belfort Bax; "Unquenched Fire," a novel by Alice Gerstenberg; "Toby, a Novel of Kentucky," by Credo Harris; "Georgette,"

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a novel by Marion Hill; "The Mysterious Card," by Cleveland Moffett; and "The Ten-Thousand-Dollar Arm," a collection of baseball stories by Charles E. Van Loan.

Announcement has been made at the University of Chicago of a new system of retiring allowances for professors or their widows. A fund of $2,500,000 taken from the $10,000,000 Rockefeller gift of 1910 has been set aside for this purpose. This pension system will grant to men who have attained the rank of assistant professor or higher, and who have reached the age of sixty-five and have served fifteen years or more in the institution, 40 per cent. of their salary and an additional 2 per cent. for each year's service above fifteen. The plan also provides that at the age of seventy a man shall be retired unless the Board of Trustees specially continues his services. The widow of any professor entitled to the retiring allowance shall receive one-half the amount due him provided she has been his wife for ten years.

The Annual Index to the London *Times* for 1911, which has just been received, is a large octavo volume of 1,831 pages, an increase of 332 above the previous year and 940 above the first issue in 1906.

The London *Daily Telegraph*, which took the matter in charge, announces that the grand total raised for the five granddaughters of Charles Dickens is £9,419 7s., and that of this amount £2,768 came from America.

The Bibliothek der Amerikanischen Kulturgeschichte, edited by President Butler and Professor Paszkowski, is regularly imported by Lemcke & Buechner of this city. Three volumes have already appeared, as was stated in the *Nation* of March 28. The "Amerikanische Literatur," by C. Alphonso Smith, contains the lectures given by Professor Smith in German at the University of Berlin in 1910-11.

There is a facetious, slap-dash manner about Hester E. Hosford's "Woodrow Wilson and New Jersey Made Over" (Putnam) that detracts seriously from the interest of the volume. The book is a compound of history, biography, and campaign document, and contains much that is not only informing, but dramatic. It reeks, however, with hero-worship, which finds expression in such language as this: "And just take notice that Woodrow Wilson has never been jumped off the checker-board as he was about to enter the king-row. The psychological moment meets him more than half-way, and when Opportunity knocks at his door he is up and dressed." The Governor is quoted copiously, in both formal and informal utterances. A simple narrative, with these to give it illustration and point, would have been a far better method of treatment, and a surer means of producing the impression that the author desires.

In the educational history of the South since the Civil War, no name occupies a higher place than that of Dr. J. L. M. Curry; and the "Biography" which President Edwin A. Alderman and A. C. Gordon have prepared (Macmillan) will doubtless find a cordial welcome. Dr. Curry was a distinguished representative of the Southern leaders who, accepting to the full the results of the war, set themselves to the task of reconstructing Southern society on the basis of the new conditions. Always deeply interested in politics, and with proved capacity as legislator and leader, Dr. Curry nevertheless chose education for his particular field; and the recent extraordinary progress of the Southern States in public education, for both whites and negroes, is due to him more than to any other one man. As professor in Richmond College, agent of the Peabody and Slater Funds, member of the Conference for Education in the South, and trustee of the General Education Board, he spoke and wrote with power, tact, and ceaseless energy on behalf of increased appropriations for schools, longer school terms, better teachers, and industrial training; while his wide popularity as a preacher, both within and without the Baptist denomination, naturally strengthened his influence as an educator. For his advocacy, with many others, of the Blair Education bill, the *Nation* at the time expressed its entire disapproval; but his strongest opponents did not question his sincerity or frankness, or minimize the ability with which he pleaded his cause. He was an acceptable Minister to Spain, where his formal but gracious manners counted much in his favor; and he found time for some worthy historical writing. The "Biography" is essentially annalistic in form, and friendly rather than critical. We note two curious misspellings—"Frizell" (page 337) and "Frizzell" (page 357)—of the name of President Frissell of Hampton Institute.

Another volume of the Centenary Edition of the writings and addresses of Theodore Parker is entitled "Saint Bernard and Other Papers" (American Unitarian Association). "My ministry," said Parker, "deals chiefly with the laws of God, little with the statutes of men. My manhood has been passed mainly in studying absolute, universal truth, teaching it to men, and applying it to the various departments of life." It is in Parker's political utterances, nevertheless, and especially in his passionate orations on the slavery question, that the present generation takes most interest. His essay on Ralph Cudworth, the Cambridge Platonist, is discriminating, sympathetic, and distinguished by keen analysis, which may also be said of the sketch of Bernard of Clairvaux, but the full power of the man and his contribution to American life are exhibited rather in such addresses as "The Effect of Slavery on the American People." This oration and the sermon preached in 1856 entitled "A New Lesson for the Day," will be primary documents for understanding political thought in that period when we are a little farther removed from it. One of the most interesting chapters of the present volumes is an article by F. B. Sanborn on Parker in the John Brown campaign. It demonstrates that the clergyman was entirely familiar with Brown's plans which culminated at Harper's Ferry, assisted by counsel in their preparation, contributed several hundred dollars towards the equipment of the expedition, and expected great benefit from it to the anti-slavery cause.

Of stories of bad boys, one of the most instructive and disquieting is the autobiographic record, "My Vagabondage" (Doran), by the English writer, J. E. Patterson. The first of the two parts is appropriately entitled The Life Rebellious, for, from his fourth to his thirteenth year the author's hand was against every one. He played truant from his teachers. He ran away from his father's home repeatedly. He actually engaged in bloody battles with the housekeeper, who tried to comb his hair. Only two or three persons during this belligerent period were sympathetic enough to gain any influence over him. Had there been a few more such, this voracious little reader and wholesome lover of the woods and fields might have become a more useful member of society. The disquieting feature is that the narrative is all true, or nearly all. At thirteen he ran away to sea, embarking on what he terms The Life Adventurous. For fourteen years he lived afloat, until rheumatism drove him into the more discouraging adventures of a literary bagman in London. Throughout the book the descriptions are graphic, the incidents often vividly related, and the interruptions, consisting of platitudes and generalizations from the writer's experience, particularly dolorous. The record is something less than winsome, because of the Ishmaelitish egotism displayed. But, for an idle reader in an idle hour, or for the zealous student of child psychology, it will prove an interesting human document.

"Reminiscences of General Basil W. Duke, C. S. A." (Doubleday, Page) were originally written, for the most part, for the *Home and Farm*, of Louisville, Kentucky. They are now "compiled and published in more permanent form in deference to the wishes of a number of those who read them when they originally appeared." The result is a readable volume of some 500 pages. Reminiscences is precisely the right title. There is almost nothing of political history in the volume, and, although there is a great deal about battles, no attempt to reconstruct the military history of the war; the General simply relates those facts and anecdotes that came his way, describes the men he knew, the scenes he witnessed, the stories he heard—he tells what he remembers, as he remembers it, for what it is worth. Much of the book is devoted to the characterization of Southern generals, and to events in which they played a part. The most valuable chapters are those which deal with such subjects as prison life, superstitions among the soldiers, Southern hospitality during the war, and the period of reconstruction in the South. Probably the best thing in the book is the chapter on the negro before and during the war. In discussing the questions that were at issue between the North and South, Gen. Duke is always fair-minded, in spirit serene, temperate and judicial in language; the attitude, if one may so express it, is one of genial resignation, the attitude of one who has learned "to love adopted ideas and opinions almost as well as he did his own." It is true, he cannot quite forget the folly of the reconstruction policy. But after all, who would wish him, or any one, to forget that?

Typical in many respects is "The Life and Letters of Sir John Hall" (Longmans), both because it describes the roving career of an English army surgeon during the first half of the nineteenth century and because it illustrates the almost haphazard way in which promotion was allotted. Hall at the age of twenty arrived on the field of Water-

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loo in time to help care for the wounded. Then he served in Jamaica, in Ireland, at Gibraltar, and again in the West Indies. He was in South Africa in 1846-51, and then he went to Bombay. He was performing routine duties there when a telegram ordered him to report at once in the Crimea as Chief of the Medical Staff. For students of the Crimean War, the most important part of this book is the account of his work among the sick and wounded. No other modern war has been entered upon with such utter unpreparedness as the Crimean on the side of the English. When Dr. Hall reached his post, cholera was already raging. The home authorities were slow; indeed, it was only through the letters of correspondents that the English nation was roused. Even the mission of Miss Nightingale caused friction; for though Hall was nominally responsible for the health of the entire expedition, she was allowed to carry on her hospital work independently. We infer that his superiors in the Government knew him to be a conscientious, tireless, and undismayed official, who would shoulder the blame that belonged to others. At any rate, he endured to the end, and had the satisfaction of seeing the mortality from disease decrease to normal figures during the last part of the war. The total British force was 98,000; admissions to hospitals, 218,952; died of wounds or disease, 18,059; killed in action, 2,750; invalided, 11,562. Comment is superfluous. Hall received a K.C.B. ribbon from a not over-grateful country, and retired on half pay. The earlier portions of the memoir are often more interesting, if less important, than the Crimean. His descriptions of journeys in southern Spain in the late thirties, and of life in South Africa, where he saw service in Kaffir and Boer wars, are plain and unvarnished, but indubitably true. The book is written by a Hindu, S. M. Mitra.

The youthful enthusiasm over the exploits of railway builders and the deeds of daring of the locomotive engineer does not seem to disappear with age. "The Railway Conquest of the World" (Lippincott), by Frederick A. Talbot, is the most recent attempt to appeal to this feeling. It has to do solely with construction and describes in an entertaining manner, with abundance of excellent illustrations, the creation of many of the great railways of the world, those projects being selected which touch the imagination by their unique quality. It includes the White Pass and Yukon, which abolished the pack-train in Alaska and made gold-seeking easier, and the Hedjaz railway which did away with the journey on foot to Mecca. It describes the piercing of the Swiss mountain by the St. Gotthard, and the climbing of the Andes, to a height of nearly 16,000 feet in a distance of 138 miles. The Cape to Cairo, the Australasian, the Chinese, and Japanese, the Siberian, and our own transcontinental lines are presented in their more notable engineering aspects. A few slight errors have been noted in the description of American railways. The Union Pacific and Central Pacific railways have been confused, the western section being incorrectly called the Union Pacific, and the eastern the Central Pacific. The impression is left with the reader that the influence which led to the building of the Pacific lines was the desire of men like Huntington and Stanford to provide an opening for the coast traffic. Although this may have been a contributing cause, the prime motives were undoubtedly the political purpose to bind this isolated section to the rest of the country and the economic desire to open up western lands. Finally the author, who is apparently an Englishman, in describing how a train wreck was narrowly averted, remarks: "The engine-driver, unlike the majority of his ilk on an American railway, concluded that something must be amiss and applied his brakes sharply." While the character of our railway operation must unquestionably lay us open to many charges of recklessness, the insinuation of the author is altogether unwarranted.

The Oxford University Press (Frowde) has added another number to its handsome series of anthologies—"Das Oxforder Buch Deutscher Dichtung vom 12ten bis zum 20sten Jahrhundert," herausgegeben von H. G. Fiedler, Professor der deutschen Sprache und Literatur an der Universät Oxford, mit einem Geleitworte von Gerhart Hauptmann. The editor has doubtless thought it best to let these poems speak for themselves with but the briefest advocacy on his or other's part. His introduction of two or three pages deals entirely with the details of editing, and Hauptmann's short preface, touching vaguely on the color and perfume of true poetry, serves merely to associate his name and influence with the volume. In making selections, the editor has quite naturally yielded to the perspective of the present age, which remembers comparatively little German verse previous to that of the eighteenth century. Yet we doubt if the fifty-odd pages which he has devoted to those early periods are quite sufficient. Only three of Walther von der Vogelweide's poems are included, and these in a not very happy modern rendering. Beginning with the eighteenth century, the selections are full, and the end of the nineteenth and the beginning of the twentieth century receive, seemingly, almost exhaustive representation, several of the names being unknown to the present reviewer and their best achievement trivial. In the introduction the editor remarks that in his collection will be found some poems of even the older time not met with in other similar works. Perhaps his concern for novelty has been the cause of his omitting such an agreeable old stand-by as "Die Wacht am Rhein." The notes are concise and to the point, and externally (we have seen only the India-paper form) the book lives up to the beauty of this Oxford series.

Miss Clara Barton, founder of the Red Cross Society in the United States, died at her home in Glen Echo, Md., on Friday. She had reached the age of ninety on Christmas Day of last year. Miss Barton began the work with which her name will ever be associated during the Civil War, getting permission, after several vain appeals, to go out upon the battlefields and care for the wounded. She rendered similar service in the Franco-Prussian War, and in the Spanish-American War, although almost eighty, she did personal field work. When, through her efforts, the American Association of the Red Cross was incorporated in this country in 1882, she was made its president, and served in that capacity for twenty-three years. Miss Barton was also the author of several works, among them "History of the Red Cross," "America's Relief Expedition to Asia Minor," "History of the Red Cross in Peace and War," and "Story of My Childhood."

Robbins Little, who from 1878 to 1898 was librarian of the Astor Library in New York, died on Saturday in Newport, R. I., his native town. Under his administration a new catalogue was prepared and published in four volumes. Mr. Little was born eighty years ago. He graduated from Yale in 1851, and after travel abroad studied law at Harvard. At one time he was instructor in international law at the United States Naval Academy, and afterward an examiner of claims in the War Department.

Prof. Walter Eugene Howard, the first dean of Middlebury College, Vermont, died at his home in that town last Friday, in his sixty-third year. He was professor of history and political science.

Gabriel-Jacques-Jean Monod, the noted French historian, died recently at his home in Versailles. He was born at Havre in 1844. He held several professorships, including the chair of history at the University of Paris. He was a member of innumerable historical, scientific, and archæological societies in the various European countries. M. Monod's long list of historical writings dealt particularly with the early history of his native country.

Science

Surgery and Society, a Tribute to Listerism. By C. W. Saleeby, M.D., F.R.S.E. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co. $2.50 net.

This book is a sort of penance, for the author. Some years ago, "under the stress of intense and honest conviction," he wrote harsh things about surgeons; but, recently, having been personally much helped by a surgical operation, apparently of no great severity, he has experienced a change of heart and desires to make amends by setting forth the relations of modern surgery to society. Dr. Saleeby, as he somewhat often reminds his readers, has had a medical training and was for a time in practice before he retired to devote himself to enlightening the general public, or, as he would say, to being a real doctor, a teacher. He has written several books and perhaps talked more on various topics which bear on the improvement of social conditions, and of late has been particularly active as an ardent eugenist. His best work has been as editor of the excellent New Library of Medicine, to which at his instigation a number of writers have contributed noteworthy discussions of medical questions whereon the public needs to be more fully informed. Many of the books of this library have received commendation in these columns.

In this volume Dr. Saleeby under-

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takes to show the general reader how surgery has been advanced by the work of Lister, under the inspiration of Pasteur, and what benefits come from this progress to society as a whole and particularly to women in the exercise of their special function. He gives also a vague outlook into the future and an incidental, and to many superfluous, excursion into the realm of eugenics, where much good may be expected because "Listerism" makes certain forms of "negative" eugenics safely possible. All these matters, and many related things, are treated in a broad and informing manner, but with almost too much display of cleverness, a not infrequent fault of the author, and with a confusion of some essential issues which is most regrettable. The services of Lord Lister, who has just left us at a ripe old age, were of inestimable value, and there is no objection to recognizing him as the man who, taking the first step in the application to surgery of the principles established by Pasteur, began a new era and opened the door for all later progress of medicine in overcoming the harm done by micro-organisms or in forestalling them; but to lump together all such methods of modern and future medicine under the name of Listerism and to call the practice of all such arts surgery is to misuse terms and to mislead readers unskilled in making distinctions.

Our objection to this presentation of the subject is twofold. The essence of Listerism is antisepsis, while the essence of later progress is commonly held to be asepsis. The exact line between them as general methods is hard to draw, and Lister himself, open-minded though he was, has left his attitude towards this phase of progress so unclear that not a few of his warmest admirers are still uncertain as to his position. We are still very far from knowing the limits of microbic infection as the cause of disease, and cannot say with any definiteness where the utility of antibacterial methods ends. It by no means follows that all the progress yet to come must be germicidal, and it is quite possible that the fruit "whose mortal taste brought death into the world and all our woe" was altogether germ-free. Certain it is that not a few of human ills are not, so far as we can judge, even the remote effects of micro-organisms; and even if all of them should prove to have such an origin, the cure of them is by no means a merely surgical matter.

It is not to the surgeons as such that all progress "after Lister," as the phrase aptly goes, is due. It is not the surgeon as such that has worked out the methods of bacteriology and made this one of the most fruitful fields of medical endeavor, even though Lister himself was one of the first to obtain a pure culture of bacteria. Not to surgery as such do we owe our knowledge of immunity, antitoxins, serums, and vaccines, nor of those wonderful chemical compounds which just now awaken and justify the hope of great things to come. Where the future will draw the line as to how much of treatment shall be surgical and how much medical, no man can tell, but surely preventive medicine is in no proper sense of the term surgical, nor will be. Let it be granted that all this advance is in a way the outcome of Listerism, yet these things are not Listerism, nor does the credit of them belong to him, who would have been the last to make such a claim. Saleeby falls into a similar although smaller error in lauding Simpson as sharing in the foundation of modern surgery because he made operations painless by substituting chloroform for ether. The real foundation was the discovery that anæsthesia is not only possible but practicable, and this, as Lister himself in one of his addresses took pains to point out, is an American gift to humanity. The fact is that all progress in the knowledge of diseases and of their treatment is a complex matter and many have contributed to it, here a little and there a little. Pasteur's contribution was fundamental, Lister's application was fundamental, and both deserve to be remembered and revered; but let this be done without obscuring their relation to what comes after them. One plants and another waters, but the increase comes through many channels.

This confusion of surgery and medicine is most regrettable for other reasons, and herein lies our second objection. The distinction between these two things is fairly well established, although usage in Great Britain and in the army and navy tends to obscure it. Hence it is desirable that the general public should not, by a book like this, be encouraged yet more to magnify the surgeon and surgery at the expense of medicine and its practitioners who do not operate. The man in the street, or even in the club, and the woman in the sewing circle or at bridge have already a much exaggerated idea of the power and skill of the surgeon. It is quite natural that it should be so. What chance do they have to know anything about the relative merits of medicine and surgery? He knows, perchance, that he was lame and now walks, was crooked and is now straight, was blind and now sees; while she, perchance, knows that she had a tumor and has it no more; or they know that some friend has been snatched from the very bottom of the dark valley and brought back again by a timely operation. What do they know, what can they know, of the work done by the medical man in correcting a faulty heart or caring for damaged kidneys and other organs, when the injury or defect has no outward signs clearly visible to the naked eye? Here is a great field of usefulness which is tilled by men of large ability and long, hard training, but of whose labor and skill the patient can know little. Surgery leaves its mark; it is often open, and frequently brilliant; while medicine is necessarily obscure, hidden, and nearly always mysterious. It is high time that the public should be taught and insistently reminded that the pill and the hypodermic syringe, the microscope and the stethoscope, have their victories no less than the scalpel, the saw, and the splint.

"The Important Timber Trees of the United States," a forthcoming book by Simon B. Elliott, is described by his publishers, Houghton Mifflin Company, as a practical handbook of every day forestry.

The iron-ore resources of the world are described in the *Annales de Géographie* for March by L. de Launay, who combats the alarming theory of their early exhaustion. France will in the future, he maintains, on account of its lack of fuel for the treatment of the ore, become the chief source of supply for Europe. The remarkable increase of international commerce in perishable foods, such as butter, fruits, vegetables, etc., is shown by H. Hitier, who regards it as indicative both of the prosperity of the people and of the improved means of transportation. He calls attention to the fact that the use of refrigerator cars is virtually confined to the Russian Empire and the United States, where more than 60,000 are in use. Other articles are upon the geology of Morocco with a colored chart, some geologic and geographical researches in Algeria and the Sahara, and on Smyrna, its situation and importance.

In the course of his "Statistical Investigation of Cometary Orbits," recently published as Vol. LXI, pt. iii of the Annals of Harvard College Observatory, Prof. W. H. Pickering brings out many novel peculiarities of the paths of these erratic bodies. A possible origin of the asteroids and zodiacal light is suggested, and the retardation of Encke's comet discussed. His method of treating the family of comets captured by Jupiter shows how it may be possible to ascertain the elements of the orbit of a planet that has never been seen, and thereby, perchance, lead up to its discovery. Three such supposititious planets exterior to the orbit of Neptune are duly investigated, the outermost (R) being at a distance of 6,250 times that of the sun, with a corresponding year equal to 500,000 of ours. Though its mass is estimated at 10,000 times that of the earth, its stellar magnitude is so faint that no telescope or camera can ever be expected to reveal it. Nearer home and more interesting is Professor Pickering's hypothetical planet Q, double the mass of R, only 875 times the distance of the sun, and of a stellar magnitude no fainter than the photographic satellites of Saturn, which his keen eye has already added to the solar system. Q has already been photographically searched for by the Rev. Joel H. Metcalf, who has examined about 300,000 stars, but without avail.

The sound sense of Eben E. Rexford is

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shown again in his latest book, "Amateur Gardencraft" (Lippincott). We wish that he had devoted a little space to the types of the flower that he admires so highly, the sweet pea, and that he had distinguished among the species of iris. Further, the volume stands in need of an index, always of much value in a garden handbook. But in general, the treatment is adequate, covering the grading, the planting, and the maintenance of a suburban or country place. We commend the treatment of rose culture as especially clear and concise. In spite of a chapter on carpet-bedding, given, as it were, under protest, Mr. Rexford definitely ranges himself with the best modern taste in advocating the natural planting of home grounds.

Drama

Modern Dramatists. By Ashley Dukes. Chicago: Charles H. Sergel & Co. $1.50.

This is a clever but exasperating book, written by a man with full knowledge of his subject and with uncommon powers of literary expression. The book is described as a "critical study of the modern European theatre" and is, in fact, both studious and critical, but is the work of a brilliant special pleader rather than a broad-minded, impartial judge, with a philosophic grasp of the whole subject. This character is partly the result of an attempt at the impossible, the invention of a brief specific formula by which the value of all drama may be arbitrarily determined. Mr. Dukes does not venture to put his formula into words, but apparently it includes distinction of thought, revolutionary purpose, the creation of exceptional (but still natural) representative personages and incidents, the expression of new thought and tendencies, and so forth. The test is reasonable, as far as it goes, but carries no revelation with it, and does not begin to cover all the legitimate functions and possibilities of the stage. Nor are the "advanced" dramatists the only writers who meet its requirements. But it is not necessary to argue that point. What matters is the conclusion to which the application of this imaginary formula leads him, which is that the only dramatists of modern times who really count are Ibsen, Strindberg, Hofmannsthal, Tchekhov, Hauptmann, and Shaw. Herein he betrays his limitations as a critic. Barker and Galsworthy he acknowledges, but the great bulk of English writers he contemptuously ignores. Of the Frenchmen he picks out Brieux and Capus, only to attack them. His appreciation is extended mainly to the Scandinavians, Russians, and Germans, whether they be naturalists, realists, romanticists, or mystics. For him there can be little virtue in anything that smacks of age in form or tradition.

Like most zealous advocates of the latest theatrical ideas, he enormously overestimates the genius and the influence of Ibsen. He even ventures to distinguish him as the creator of "fine men and women" and of "an intellectual aristocracy." And he maintains that his plays "make a colossal demand upon the art of the actor," which is the reverse of the actual fact. But he is right in his valuation of him as a master playwright, whose puppets are alive upon the stage and need no long explanatory prefaces to explain them, as do those of most of his disciples. Bernard Shaw he accepts entirely at his own valuation, as if he actually stood for all that he pretends to be and all his poses were rooted in philosophical convictions. But fallacious as his judgment can be, it is often acute and clear when unhampered by the restrictions of his theories, in its analysis and comparison of particular writers and plays. The distinctions between Strindberg and Ibsen are admirably drawn. Some of his swift summaries have the flash of inspiration. For instance, he writes: "In Björnson the motive is the spirit of the pastor-agitator; in Strindberg, a strange compound of intellect and prejudice; in Sudermann, empty sense of the theatre. Hauptmann is almost hypersensitive. His creative work is a history of 'influences' good and bad." And yet the same writer can say dogmatically that "Shaw is the greatest individual force in European drama since Ibsen, the strongest personality and the clearest thinker." This is absurdly uncritical. Soon afterwards Mr. Dukes admits that Shaw cannot touch the emotions, evidently not seeing that his failure in this respect is due to his insincerity, his inability in dealing with the deeper feelings either to see or think clearly.

To John Galsworthy Mr. Dukes—using his special standard for a measure—is less than just. It may or may not be true that this gifted and earnest dramatist does not reach the heights or depths of true tragedy, but he strikes richer and fuller notes of emotion than either Shaw or Barker, because of his broader human vision, his firmer grasp of actualities, his philosophic mind, and his power of creation. There is some brilliant, slashing criticism in the chapter on Brieux and Capus—here it is amusing to find Mr. Dukes flouting the opinions of Mr. Shaw—but it is not always just. Both playwrights have virtues which their critic cannot discern, or will not recognize, because they have not, in seeking modern motives, scorned all the conventions and traditions of the older stage. Some of these are not so senseless as Mr. Dukes seems to imagine. Even the soliloquy and the aside may be defended. Perhaps the best paper in the book is that on D'Annunzio, who is ranked among the most brilliant of artificers, and there is also a delicate and subtle appreciation of the early work of Maeterlinck. It is a pity that Mr. Dukes's judgment is not equal to his literary ability.

Four more volumes of the Tudor Shakespeare (Macmillan) have come to us—"Henry VIII," edited by Charles G. Dunlop; "A Midsummer Night's Dream," edited by John W. Cunliffe; "Coriolanus," edited by Stuart P. Sherman, and "Troilus and Cressida," edited by John S. P. Tatlock. The apparatus of the edition we have previously characterized as eminently careful. In only one section of the plan will the reader find opportunity for occasional dissatisfaction, that of Interpretation. So Professor Cunliffe, while stating, quite properly, that "A Midsummer Night's Dream" "fortunately affords no opportunity to the ingenious critics for fantastic theories," passes by with only the slightest mention the difficult problem of poetic atmosphere and dramatic emphasis which Shakespeare so nicely solved. Professor Tatlock, approaching "Troilus and Cressida" with perhaps too strong a bias for Chaucer's version of the story, does not, to our thinking, quite grasp the nature of the Shakespearean coquette. Professor Sherman's interpretation of Coriolanus, the man, is a masterly bit of criticism.

"Pitch and Soap" is the name of a new comedy written by Lyall Swete, which will have a first performance in London next Tuesday.

At the New Players' production, in London, of Israel Zangwill's play, "The Next Religion," Henry Ainley will play the Rev. Stephen Trame, the founder of the next religion, and Adeline Bourne will appear as Mary Trame.

Mr. Cyril Maude has acquired a new play, "Love—and What Then?" by B. Macdonald Hastings, the author of "The New Sin," which was much praised on its production at the London Royalty recently. Cyril Maude and Winifred Emery will appear in the new play.

Louis Calvert is the latest contributor to the debates on the subject of Hamlet's mental condition. In "An Actor's Hamlet" he maintains that the Prince is a soldier-courtier, man of action, until the revelations made to him by the ghost throw him off his mental balance. Then at the end of the play the physical shock of the wound in the fight with Laertes, and the mental shock of the discovery that the Queen is poisoned with the venom meant for himself, pull him up with a round turn, and he becomes once more his old self—a man of action, swift and sudden in his long-delayed vengeance.

An experimental performance of Tchekhov's "The Seagull," by the Adelphi Play Society in London, does not appear to have been an unqualified success. This result is ascribed partly to the lack of sufficient rehearsal and partly to the fact that all the actors were not of equal excellence, while all the characters are virtually of equal importance.

Shakespeare's "Troilus and Cressida" has just been produced at the Odéon, in Paris, in a new translation. A letter in a London journal says: "The Odéon audience en-

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dured the play with but few 'cuts,' which, in particular, left untouched almost the whole of the buffoonery of Pandarus and of Thersites."

Music

NIKISCH AND THE LONDON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

This has been a season of visiting orchestras. From near and far they have come, bringing coal to Newcastle—for New York is plentifully supplied with half-a-dozen orchestras of its own. Chief among the visitors has been the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which has given its usual ten concerts. Mr. Stock twice brought the Theodore Thomas Orchestra all the way from Chicago, once for a concert of its own, the second time to assist at the concerts of the Mendelssohn Choir of Toronto, which is not only the best-trained choral organization in America, but probably in the world, and which has set a standard that no local chorus can approach. From farther West still came the Minneapolis Orchestra, anxious for the metropolitan approval (which it cordially received) that would not fail to help it along at home.

Europe sent us not only the Russian Balalaika Band, and the King of Greece's favorite Mandolinata, but one of the leading London orchestras, under the direction of Arthur Nikisch, now generally regarded as the greatest of contemporary orchestral conductors. The London Symphony Orchestra, it must be admitted, did not make its début at home under conditions that can be commended. Many of its members some years ago seceded from Henry J. Wood's orchestra when that admirable conductor refused to allow them any longer to send substitutes to rehearsals—an amazing old custom that frustrated the very object of rehearsing, and which reminds one of the experience Heinrich Conried once had at the Metropolitan Opera House, when, after painfully training a shift of stage-hands in manipulating the "Walküre" scenery, he discovered that these eight-hours-a-day union men would not be available in the evening!

The programme for this orchestra's first concert in our Carnegie Hall had evidently been well rehearsed. It included the third "Leonora" overture of Beethoven, Brahms's first symphony, Tchaikovsky's "Francesca da Rimini," and the "Tannhäuser" overture. But the execution of Tchaikovsky's Pathetic symphony at the second concert frequently suggested the thought that these players still clung to their custom of sending substitutes to rehearsals. And as in the matter of precision and technical finish, so in that of euphony, this London orchestra is not the equal of the New York Philharmonic or the Boston Symphony. The violins (among which are some valuable old instruments) are excellent, and, better still, perhaps, are the violoncellos and the double basses. The wood-wind family lacks mellowness on the whole, and the brasses are apt to be coarse and noisy where sonority only is called for. A special compliment is due the kettle-drummer. The best quality of this band is its enthusiasm. These Englishmen, surely, are not unemotional. They follow their leader with a zeal that is touching; and a highly temperamental conductor like Nikisch is not easy to follow in every one of his nuances, some of which are caprices of the moment.

One of the specialties of this leader is the last movement of Brahms's first symphony; in this he amazed musicians, years ago, by showing that Brahms, contrary to the general belief, did know how to exult. Strange to say, the sworn Brahmsites did not at first approve of his vigorous, impetuous way of hurling out these strains, but they have become used to it. His conception of the "Leonora" overture recalled the days when Anton Seidl aroused the enthusiasm of even the languid box-holders at the opera; and the same was true of the "Tannhäuser" overture, in the reading of which he introduced details which all the other great conductors of the time accepted.

It was with "Tannhäuser" that Nikisch made his début as an opera conductor, in Leipzig, thirty-two years ago, when he was only twenty-four. The members of the orchestra at first showed a disposition to mutiny on being asked to rehearse under so young a conductor; but after the overture they burst into applause. Soon he became one of the leading interpreters of the Wagner scores, aided by his Magyar temperament, for, like nearly all the great Wagner conductors, he was born in Hungary. It is needless to say, nevertheless, that while his reading of excerpts from Wagner operas at his second concert in Carnegie Hall was most enjoyable, it revealed nothing new to local music lovers who remember Seidl, Mottl, Mahler, and at present enjoy the readings of Hertz and Toscanini.

Before the end of the month Mr. Nikisch will have been heard in more than a dozen of our Eastern cities. In these cities the imperfections of the London Orchestra will be less disturbing; in fact, so far as precision is concerned, they will doubtless disappear soon, as the same pieces will be played over and over again. The fact that Nikisch conducts everything without having the score before him does not arouse so much astonishment as it would have done a generation ago. It may be doubted, however, whether even Arturo Toscanini, who conducts the Wagner operas without the score, could follow Nikisch when he sits at the piano and plays any passage asked for in any one of these operas.

The librarian of Congress is fortunate in having as chief of the Division of Music an indefatigable and circumspect expert like O. G. Sonneck. His latest compilation is entitled "Orchestral Music Catalogue" and contains, in 663 pages, the titles of scores on hand. Until about 1830 it was not customary to print the scores of orchestral music, but only the parts. In this catalogue no mention is made of these older publications, the list being confined to scores. The main entry has been made under composers, experience having shown that the interest in a particular composer is decidedly greater than that in a particular class. To the arrangement by composer and the arrangement by classes has been added an index to specific titles, such as "Tod und Verklärung." The bulk of the scores were undated, but Mr. Sonneck has spared no pains to date their publication at least approximately by a comparison of publishers' plate numbers, and by reference to various foreign catalogues. An interesting detail is the entry, under "concertos, concert pieces, etc.," of fifteen instruments for which concert solos have been written: bassoon, clarinet, clarino, flute, harp, horn, oboe, organ, piano, saxophone, trombone, trumpet, viola, violin, violoncello. Among the other entries are dances, marches, military music, overtures, serenades, string orchestra, suites, symphonies, variations, wind instruments. In the interest of much-needed variety in concert programmes, it would be well if orchestral conductors and virtuosi provided themselves with copies of this catalogue.

The Mexicans are so fond of music that they attend concerts regardless of revolutions and that sort of thing. The Hungarian pianist, Jolanda Mérö, recently returned from a tour during which she gave sixteen concerts in Mexico City alone. Some were with orchestra; others were recitals, one of these being for the Madero family and ninety members of the Administration party.

Gabriel Pierné, whose oratorio, the "Children's Crusade," is well known in this country, has completed a new choral work entitled "Les Fioretti de Saint-François." He frankly confesses that he does not expect his countrymen to pay any attention to this work, having had in mind, while composing it, countries like Germany, England, and America, which possess well-trained choirs.

The plan of performing Verdi's Egyptian opera at the foot of the pyramid of Cheops was actually carried out. The voices and the orchestra sounded well, but most notable was the procession, in which there were above a hundred gayly caparisoned camels and two hundred horses. The setting sun tinged the natural scenic background with rich colors. Never had the old and the new met as they did at this performance. Three cinematographs were kept busy in taking records, electric lights showed the way to the Sphinx, and even an aeronaut attempted to get a peep at the show, but was prevented by an accident.

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The death is announced of W. S. B. Mathews, the eminent music teacher and author. He was born at London, N. H., seventy-five years ago, and had been living in Colorado for some years. Among his most important works are "One Hundred Years of Music in America," "How to Understand Music," "Outlines of Musical Form," "Masters and their Music." For a number of years he edited an excellent magazine called *Music*, to which he contributed many articles of his own.

Art

A History of Architectural Development. Vol. III. The Renaissance in Italy, France, and England. With illustrations. By F. M. Simpson, F.R.I.B.A., Professor of Architecture, University College, London. New York: Longmans, Green & Co., $6 net.

The publication of this volume completes the series which was promised when the first volume was issued in 1905.

It is a notable work, and is in the reviewer's judgment distinctly the best history of architecture that has thus far appeared in any language. Fergusson's "History of Architecture in All Lands," which was for many years the standard text-book and reference-book in its own field for all readers of English, has long been accounted out of date. The reading public, better instructed and more discriminating than that of the sixty's and seventy's, as well as the men of the profession itself, have discarded many of his critical judgments; at the same time the progress of archæology and of historical investigation has demonstrated the erroneousness of many of his statements of fact. Lübke's "Geschichte der Architektur" and Choisy's "Histoire de l'Architecture" are the only works in their respective languages which can bear any comparison with Professor Simpson's; the first named, in one ponderous volume, is extremely dry, and, like Fergusson's, now out of date; the second is entertainingly written, but does not cover the whole field and lacks the impartiality and breadth of view of this English history. The English reading public has had to wait a long time for it, but it was worth waiting for.

It is, as its title indicates, a history of architectural development, rather than of buildings; its survey is therefore less chronological and less detailed than it would have been if undertaken from another point of view. It considers the different phases of the art analytically and topically, with the result that time-relations and sequences are not always easily traced, and that many important monuments fail of notice. Thus in Volume I, after a chapter on the elements and methods of Roman architecture and construction, the Roman buildings are discussed in groups—city-plans, basilicas, temples, baths, etc. The student who desires to know what was being done under Augustus, and in what way, if at all, the architecture of the Antonines differed from that of the Flavian emperors, or how the buildings of Syria or Africa were related in style to those of Rome, looks in vain for this information. Questions of like character regarding the French cathedrals, for instance, or the Italian town-halls and *broletti*, can be answered, if at all, only by picking out from place to place in Volume II the necessary facts and assembling them in order to draw a conclusion. This deficiency is to a certain degree inherent in the plan and purpose of the work; but it might have been at least in a measure remedied by brief summaries, lists of dated monuments, and other like devices.

Apart from this, these volumes are worthy of high praise. Professor Simpson shows himself to be both a scholar and an architect, and in both capacities broad-minded and discriminating. He carries into his analyses and critical estimates none of those violent prejudices for one style and against another which have so often impaired the value of architectural discussions by men of learning and influence. Fergusson had many hard things to say about Roman architecture; Professor Moore will hardly allow to the English the credit of having produced any "real" Gothic architecture; Choisy was determined to make out that nearly every thing truly great in architecture had its origin in Persia; not a few writers have insisted that all Renaissance architecture is mere copying. Professor Simpson's work reveals no such bias. In the matter of illustrations, also, much praise is due. The drawings are always truly illustrative; plans and sections abound; the scale of these is always given, and the photographic illustrations are always and only such as are needed to give impressions, as of *ensemble*, which plans and sections can never convey.

Volume III deserves especial mention because it is the only general history of Renaissance architecture that has appeared in any language since Fergusson's, of which the first edition was published in 1873 and a revised edition in 1893. It is characterized by the same catholicity of appreciation that marks the other volumes, by the same excellences in illustration, and by a literary style even more readable and fluent than that of its predecessors. This is in part, no doubt, due to its subject, which, as Professor Simpson points out in his Preface, necessitates giving more attention to individuals than to broad developments of style. A more consecutive, chronological, and narrative treatment is thus possible, and this makes for ease and fluency of manner. The author defends the artistic character of the Renaissance in general against the slurs of the Fergussonian school, and has a good word to say even for the Seicento—the "Baroque" or "Rococo" period—pointing out in the works of that age certain qualities of scale and composition which are apt to be overlooked, and calling attention to the nobility of some of the products of men whose other works were open to serious criticism. It would, however, have been wise to couple with this praise some censure of the unhappy devices and vulgar details and shams which disfigure much of the work of this period, particularly in church interiors. The discussion of the history and design of St. Peter's at Rome could hardly be improved in any particular; it is concise, full of information, discriminating, and suggestive. An illuminating chapter follows on Renaissance domes in general. The chapters on French architecture are excellent; full justice is done to the picturesque early work, as well as to the stately palaces and churches of Louis XIII, XIV, and XV.

The section on the Renaissance in England occupies a trifle under a third of the volume, and is marked by the same judicial fairness that appears in the critical estimates of the Italian and French sections. An immense amount of detailed information is crowded into the three chapters which compose it. The plans which abound are particularly to be commended. The closing chapter on the Nineteenth Century in England hardly belongs in the plan of the book, but its brevity disarms serious objection to it.

The chief criticism that might be made of the scope and plan of this interesting volume is the fact that it omits entirely to notice the Renaissance architecture of Spain and Germany. Professor Simpson justifies this in the interest of the adequate discussion of the more important art of Italy, France, and England. It seems to the reviewer that the allowance of this plea should involve as its corollary the preparation of a fourth volume, to treat these two missing subjects and to bring the history down to the close of the nineteenth century, including in it American architecture from 1600. The series would then adequately cover the history of the main currents of what we may call Western architecture from Egyptian origins to the close of the last century. Without such a volume the series, excellent as it is, is still manifestly incomplete.

Rudolph Schwarz, an Austrian sculptor, whose work is well known in the Middle West, died in Indianapolis on Sunday. He came from Berlin several years ago to carve figures at the base of the Indiana soldiers' monument and decided to remain in that State. One of his best works is the statue of H. S. Pingree in Detroit.

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Finance

THE SPIRIT OF SPECULATION.

It became rather plain during the past week that the spirit of speculation had seized on the financial public, not only in the New York Stock Exchange, but in communities widely separated from New York, both in location and in their particular interests. Our own stock market, having halted last week—ostensibly on the fear that bad crop news would be received, that the Eastern locomotive engineers would strike, and that Mr. Roosevelt would carry the Pennsylvania primaries—resumed its advance this week, although the "private crop experts" were reporting great damage to wheat, the railway engineers serving an ultimatum on the companies, and the figures from Pennsylvania showing a sweeping victory for Roosevelt.

There has been some reaction later, associated both with the Titanic disaster and with insistent reports of wheat crop damage; but while this was happening, London's Stock Exchange had similarly rushed into excited speculation, the rise converging on shares of wireless telegraph, oil, tin, and omnibus companies—some of which rose to a price five times or more as high as last year's best price. At Chicago, the highly colored "dispatches from the field," sent by crop experts employed by speculative grain houses, caused such a fury of speculation in that market that wheat rose 9 cents per bushel within a week.

So general and world-wide a movement was extremely interesting; its causes, whether economic or psychological or purely financial, will in due course be plainer than they are to-day. It will also be possible to say, later on, whether the money markets of the world, which have not shown signs of comfortable ease when this speculative outburst was beginning, are in shape to endure the inevitable demands on capital and credit. This query is not less interesting, in view of the fact that the rise in stocks is avowedly based on expectation of genuine business revival. For if expansion comes in general business also, another heavy demand on credit must be met.

What Wall Street has for some time been saying is that spring is now at hand, and that markets always rise in springtime. If this is true, it would explain things of itself, and it is certainly a long-familiar tradition of the Stock Exchange. But is it true?

The first inquiry to make would naturally be, how does the record bear out any such tradition? Last year sustained it only partially. The stock market of April was the dullest in many years, and prices on the whole were weak, notwithstanding a very large bank surplus and a 2 per cent. money market.

So, too, of 1910, when stocks broke 10 points or thereabouts in April, when an absolute deadlock in the home bond market drove the railways to Europe with an appeal for capital on any terms, when call money went to 7 per cent. and gold exports rose to $15,000,000 in two days. What followed, in that particular spring season, was the beginning of a general movement of liquidation in every speculative market of the country. To these two unfavorable instances a little reminiscence would readily add the crash in May of 1907, in April of 1906 and 1905, and the beginning, in April, 1903, of the "rich men's panic" which lasted until midsummer. Then, too, one must not overlook the "spring panics" of 1884 and 1893.

There have been exceptions to this unpleasant precedent. It was in April, 1909, that the steel trade raised its head after its chaotic break of the "open market," and that stocks rose 10 points along with the restored steel prices, with an outright Stock Exchange boom in May and June. It was in April, 1908, that the Erie was saved from bankruptcy and the great success of the Pennsylvania loan instilled new courage into financial circles. Nobody will have forgotten the "spring market" of 1901 in Wall Street, when April's Stock Exchange business was 16 per cent. above that of any other month, before or since, and when the wildest bull movement in history was under way. But all that even these agreeable precedents can be assumed to prove, so far as concerns the record, is that the theory of a rise in financial markets in the springtime, simply because it is the springtime, will not do as the basis for a financial programme.

But if it is not invariably true that the spring season is the inevitable hour for financial optimism, there are nevertheless some expectations which markets may reasonably base on the arrival of that season. One of them is, that the progress of the season will show unmistakably what the real character of the financial and industrial situation is. That should be a particularly useful contribution to general knowledge in the present year; for the main ground of skepticism over the recent remarkable advance on the Stock Exchange has been that the rise was based on prediction and not on realization.

Wall Street has assumed revival in the steel trade; but only a cautious and disappointing recovery in steel prices has as yet ensued. A "bull market" like that of the past six weeks would naturally be taken to foreshadow expansion in the country's general trade, industry, and production, and increase of railway earnings. As yet, however, even the habitually hopeful weekly mercantile reviews have had little more to say than that "better sentiment prevails" and that "settled weather helps."

But we are now entering the period of the year when tangible evidence must soon be provided as to whether the hopes of the stock market were soundly based, or not. It was April, May, and June of 1910 which showed, by the steady progress of trade reaction, what was the real meaning of the heavy break on the Stock Exchange in January and March, and it was exactly the same months in 1909 which explained the sudden Wall Street advance in the face of the steel trade's bewilderment. The reason why all this happens in the spring is that by that time business plans must get thoroughly under way, money-market arrangements be made, salesmen be got in close touch with consumers, and ideas be formulated as to the part which the harvest outlook will play in the business of the year.

Yet the spirit of speculation sometimes seems to ignore even such considerations. There was 1904, for instance, which, with its yield of wheat so meagre that our importations from Canada rose to unusual figures, and with all the philosophers explaining how our farms were already inadequate to feed our own people, was nevertheless a year of almost continuous rise on the Stock Exchange; a year, moreover, in which the rise became most vigorous after harvest probabilities were known; and also a Presidential year. What is to be said of a precedent of that sort?

Certainly not (as Wall Street used to say in 1901) that agriculture is no longer a factor in American prosperity. But possibly, that the influences making for trade revival, after a period of prolonged retrenchment and economy, were such that even a short crop of wheat could not wholly balk them. Whether the case would be the same in 1912, is another question.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Adams, G. B. The Origin of the English Constitution. New Haven: Yale Univ. Press. $2 net.

Addams, Jane. A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil. Macmillan. $1 net.

Allen, Grant. Venice. (Reprint). Holt.

Anderson, C. L.-G. Old Panama and Castilla del Oro. Washington, D. C.: Sudwarth Company.

Appleton, E. J. The Quiet Courage, and Other Songs. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd.

Atkinson, A. M. European Beginnings of American History: For Grammar Schools. Boston: Ginn. $1.

Atteridge, A. H. Joachim Murat, Marshal of France. Brentano. $3.50 net.

Bateson, W. Biological Fact and the Structure of Society: Herbert Spencer Lecture, February, 1912. Frowde.

Bensusan, S. L. Father William. Longmans.

Bertram, C. A Magician in Many Lands. Dutton. $2.50 net.

Bickley, Francis. Where Dorset Meets Devon. Dutton. $2.50 net.

Birmingham, G. A. The Simpkins Plot. Doran. $1.20 net.

Bliss, F. J. The Religions of Modern Syria and Palestine (Bross Lectures, 1908). Scribner. $1.50 net.

Brooks, Amy. Prue's Little Friends. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. $1.

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Brown, W. A. The Christian Hope. Scribner. 75 cents net.
Carroll, C. F., and Brooks, S. C. Fifth Reader. D. Appleton. 75 cents.
Claudy, C. H. The First Book of Photography. McBride, Nast. 75 cents net.
Connolly, J. B. Wide Courses. Scribner. $1.25 net.
Croly, Herbert. Marcus Alonzo Hanna, His Life and Work. Macmillan. $2.50 net.
Cruickshank, J. W. and A. M. The Smaller Tuscan Towns; The Umbrian Towns. Second edition, revised. Holt.
Douady, Jules. La Mer et les Poètes Anglais. Paris: Hachette.
Douglas, A. M. The Children in the Little Old Red House. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. $1 net.
Eldred, W. L. Classroom and Campus. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. $1.50.
Falmouth, Kathleen. Talks About Ourselves. Dutton. 60 cents net.
Fletcher, C. R. L. The Making of Western Europe. Vol. I, The Dark Ages. Dutton. $2.50 net.
Freeman, R. and Davis, R. Norse Tales Retold. Chicago: McClurg.
Gibbs, George. The Maker of Opportunities. D. Appleton.
Gomme, Laurence. The Making of London. Frowde.
Goodrich, J. K. Africa of To-day. Chicago: McClurg.
Haggard, A. C. P. The France of Joan of Arc. Lane. $4 net.
Hart, Horace. Rules for Compositors and Readers at the University Press, Oxford. (22d edition). Frowde.
Herbert, H. A. The Abolition Crusade and Its Consequences. Scribner. $1 net.
Hogarth, D. G. Hittite Problems and the Excavation of Carchemish. Frowde.
International Critical Commentary on the Holy Scriptures. Isaiah, Vol. I. By G. B. Gray. Scribner. $3 net.
Jack, A. A. Poetry and Prose: Essays. Dutton. $2 net.
Jackson, A. W. The Half-Timber House. McBride, Nast. $2 net.
Johns, C. A. British Trees and Shrubs. Edited by E. T. Cook. Dutton. $3 net.
Kerr, Mina. Influence of Ben Jonson on English Comedy, 1598-1642. D. Appleton.
King, W. I. The Elements of Statistical Method. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Ladd, F. P. The Last of the Puritans: The Story of Benjamin Gilbert and His Friends. F. M. Lupton. $1 net.
Lange, D. On the Trail of the Sioux. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. $1 net.
Lee, J. W. The Religion of Science. Revell. $1.50 net.
Lee, V., and Anstruther-Thomson, C. Beauty and Ugliness. Lane. $1.75 net.
Miner, G. W. Bookkeeping: Introductory Courses. Boston: Ginn. 90 cents.
Miron, E. L. The Derelict Duchess: A Study of the Life and Times of Charlotte d'Albret. Brentano. $3.75 net.
Morton, L. C. The Hero and the Man. Chicago: McClurg. $1.35 net.
Nicholson, F. E. The Crow's Nest, and Other Poems. Boston: Badger.
Pearce, C. E. The Beloved Princess, Charlotte of Wales. Brentano.
Perkins, A. W. Our Year Abroad. Boston: Badger. $1.50 net.
Phillimore, Lion. In the Carpathians. Holt.
Pryde, David. What Books to Read, and How to Read. New edition. Funk & Wagnalls. 75 cents net.
Rennert, H. A. The Spanish Pastoral Romances. New edition. Philadelphia; University of Pennsylvania. $1.50.
Root, Elihu. Fisheries Arbitration Argument before the Hague Tribunal, 1910. Edited, with notes, by J. B. Scott. $3.50.
Root, W. T. The Relations of Pennsylvania with the British Government, 1696-1765. D. Appleton.
Royal Society of Literature. Commemorative Addresses on Sir Alfred Comyn Lyall, by G. W. Prothero, and on Edward Henry Pember, by W. J. Courthope. Frowde.
Royce, Josiah. The Sources of Religious Insight (Bross Lectures, 1911). Scribner. $1.25 net.
Roy, L. E. Principal Goodlove's Estates. Platt & Peck Co. 50 cents net.
Sabatini, Rafael. The Life of Cesare Borgia. Brentano. $4 net.
Scientific Management: Addresses and Discussions at the Tuck School Conference, October, 1911, Dartmouth College.
Scott, J. R. The Last Try. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1.25 net.
Serviss, G. P. The Second Deluge. McBride, Nast. $1.35 net.
Shakespeare. Tudor edition. King John, edited by H. M. Belden. Macmillan. 35 cents net.
Shaw-Sparrow, Walter. John Lavery and His Work. Boston: Dana Estes. $3.50 net.
Smart, Mrs. Irwin. Ebb and Flow: A Novel. Boston: Dana Estes. $1.25 net.
Southey, Robert. Letters. Edited, with notes, by M. H. Fitzgerald. Frowde.
Stratemeyer, Edward. Dave Porter on Cave Island. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. $1.25.
Swami Abhedananda. Human Affection and Divine Love; Great Saviors of the World. Vol. I. Vedanta Society.
Talbot, L. R. Le Français et sa Patrie: Elementary Reading. Boston: Sanborn & Co.
Taube, Baron v. In Defence of America. London: Stephen Swift & Co.
Thébaud, A. J. Three-Quarters of a Century: A Retrospect. Edited by C. G. Herbermann. Vol. I, Political, Social, and Eccl. Events in France. U. S. Catholic Historical Society.
Thwing, C. F. Letters from a Father to His Son, Entering College. Platt & Peck Co. 50 cents net.
Turner, H. H. The Great Star Map. Dutton. $1 net.
Wallis, Louis. Sociological Study of the Bible. University of Chicago Press. $1.50 net.
Walsh, G. E. Making a Tennis Court. McBride, Nast. 50 cents net.
Webb, C. C. J. Natural and Comparative Religion: An Inaugural Lecture. Frowde.
Wentworth-James, G. DeS. The House of Chance. Rickey & Co.
Woodbridge, Elisabeth. The Jonathan Papers. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.
Wright, C. H. C. A History of French Literature. Frowde. $3 net.
Young, W. A. Dictionary of the Characters and Scenes in the Stories and Poems of Rudyard Kipling, 1886-1911. Dutton. $3 net.

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